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Deirdri

172

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DEIRDRI,
OR,
THE LAMENTABLE FATE
OF THE
SONS OF USNACH,
AN ANCIENT DRAMATIC IRISH TALE,
ONE OF THE THREE TRAGIC STORIES
OF EIRIN;
LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,
FROM AN
ORIGINAL GAELIC MANUSCRIPT,
WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS:
TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,
THE OLD HISTORIC ACCOUNT
OF THE FACTS
ON WHICH THE STORY IS FOUNDED

—•••••—
By THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN, A. B.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF T. C. D.

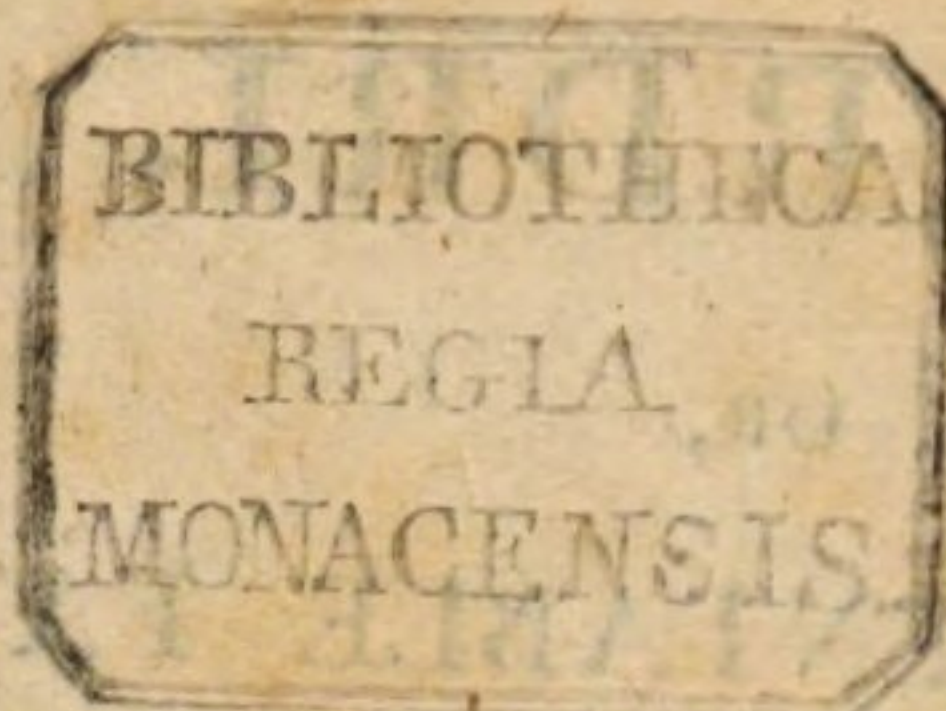
AND NOW SECRETARY TO THE GAELIC SOCIETY

—•••••—
DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JOHN BARLOW, 29, BOLTON-STREET,

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1808.



THE OLD HISTORIC RECORDS
OF THE FACTS
OF WHICH THE STORY IS TOLD
BY THEOPHILUS O'BRYEN, A.B.
AND NOW REPRINTED TO THE GAZETTE
FOR THE YEAR 1851

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY JOHN BARNES, 22, NOLTON-STREET.
1851.

PROËME.

THE following Story, from the Irish, is the foundation of Mr. James Mac Pherson's *Darthula*. It is properly denominated with us, "The tragical Fate of the Sons of Usnach." Upon a comparison, the reader will be enabled to judge of the vast liberties taken with the original by Mr. Mac Pherson, and also to observe his anachronisms and interpolations. In proceeding, too, we shall correct some mistakes, committed by the committee of the Highland Society, in their extracts from this tale, published in their report in 1805; although it appears from the *fac simile* plate, given as a specimen in that volume, that they possess a very fine ancient Irish Manuscript of this Story.—All the copies, I find, are defective in not giving the birth and education of Deirdri, (not *Darthula*,) the heroine of the piece. This I am induced to supply from the learned Doctor Keating, who tells every story well. The following are his words:

B

Reim-géal.

Réim-ghéal.

“ Is fáda, imorro, do b'í cogad aghas
coimbléctidh Chonnaétagh aghas Ultagh re linn
Mhéidbe do beir i gceimh Chonnaét; aghas
Chonéubair do beir na Rígh Ulaid. Innuis éir-
na go mbeir fíor fáda na hefaenta tápla
ettorra aghad, a léigíteoir, cuimhíod fíor ann
so mar do marbad Clann Uíneac, tar
éimeisce Fheirgusa mic Roig, aghas Chorb-
muis Chonluingeas aghas Dhubtagh Dael Ulaid.

“ Lá

* He was the most renowned heathen King of Ulster
in the beginning of the first century of the Christian
Æra. This is sufficient to shew how regardless Mr. Mac
Pherson was of committing anachronisms, when he
makes him, with his relations, Cuchullan, Connall
Carnach, and the sons of Usnach, cotemporary with
Finn, the son of Cumhal, (his Fingal,) who died, ac-
cording to our history, at the close of the third century.
“ Ex uno disce omnes.” From the liberties taken with
this ancient story, common judgment will easily appre-
ciate how he managed whatever other original materials
he might have had in his possession.

This prince was called Conor Mac Nessa from his mo-
ther, as was his uncle Fergus stiled Fergus Mac Roy from
his own. It was the usage of those times, that any cele-
brated personage had a distinctive name, either patro-
nymic (as here) or descriptive, as in the case of Dubh-
tach

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

“ There existed, indeed, war and hostility for a long time between the Conacians and Ultonians, when Mevia held the sovereignty of Conaught, and Conor* was king of Ulster. In order, however, reader, that you may know the cause of this enmity, I will here relate how the children of Usnach were put to death, against the guaranty of Fergus son of Roy, of Cormac Conlingas, and of Dubthach Dael of Ulster.

“ On

tach and Cormac, which latter was so designated, as co-exile with the other two after the breach of their Guaranty.

They had a solemn promise from the king, that he would not treat the children of Usnach with violence if they would induce them to return; but, contrary to the usage of the time, he procured their assassination; and it is traditionally handed down, that this was the first breach of public faith in Ireland. *СѢДЪ бѣжаѹ бѣѣже Ейеани*. Cormac Conlingas was Conor's own son; Fergus and Dubthach, his near relations, and two of his principal courtiers. Fergus was even his tanist, or heir elect to the crown of Ulster. Dubthach was called the *Chafer of Ulster* by the enemies of the province, from his black hair or armour, and from his prowess rendering him hateful, as the reptile called the Chafer, which is odious, as supposed to be emblematic of the evil spirit.

“Lā naen, imorro, dā ntečad Concu-
 bar, Rjog Ulad go teč fhejme mac Dajll,
 fcełajde Choncubar, do čajtem fleđa, acaš
 ne lynn na fleđa sijn, ruž ben fhejme mžen
 alujnn, azaš do mne Catčad dra, čarła
 řan ccomďajl an tan sijn, tuar azaš tarri-
 řajne don mžijn, go ttrucřa jomad dočajn
 dan Chojřđ dā tořř. Jar na čloř sijn don
 laečřajđ, to čožřadajr amarďad do lā-
 čajn. Nj dēntajr, ajr Concubar, ačt bēřad
 mřř ljom ř azaš cuřřřđ dā h-ořlemujn ř go
 řajđ na haen mnař ařam řējn. Dēřđre to
 řajřm an dra, Catčad, đj. Do čujr Con-
 cubar a hoř ajr leř ř ; acaš ořđe azaš buřme
 dā hořlemajnn, acaš nj lāmad neač don Choj-
 řed dol na lāčajn ačt a hořđe azaš a buřme,
 azaš ben čajnte Choncubar dā nřojřčj Lečar-
 cam. Do bj ajr an ořđúřad sijn go beř jomua-
 čajn đj acaš řun čjnn ajr mnař a cōmajmřne
 ř řējnn. Tharła, imorro, dā hořđe laeř do
 marďad

* This was a post of high distinction in those early
 times. It is evident from this tale, as well as numerous
 others in our language, that the druids acted as priests
 and soothsayers; and we discover that they were con-
 sidered as the heads of all the scientific professions;
 and they were also considered as necromancers. I
 know

“ On a certain day that Conor, King of Ulster, went to partake of an entertainment at the mansion of Feidlim son of Dela, Conor’s Story-teller,* Feilim’s wife lay in of a fair daughter, during the entertainment; and Caffa the Druid, who was then of the company, foreboded and prophesied for the daughter, that numerous mischiefs and losses would happen the province on her account. Upon hearing this, the nobles proposed putting her to death forthwith. Let it not be done so, said Conor, but I will take her with me, and send her to be reared, that she may become my own only wife. The Druid, Caffa, named her Deirdri.† Conor put her into a retired fort, and a tutor and nurse to rear her, and no one of the province dare go into her presence but her tutor, her nurse, and Conor’s conversation woman, who was called Lavarcam. She continued under this regulation until she was marriageable. It happened then, on a snowy day, that

know no other term for necromancy in the Irish language but *Druidism*, i. e. *Druidism*, except *Gentilism*, i. e. *Gentilism*, which, in regard to the former term, is comparatively modern.

† This name is explained in an old Irish manuscript, to be hereafter introduced, as signifying *Alarm*.

marbaðne ppoþinn d'ollmúgað ðíki lá sneéta
 azaþ jar nðoþta þola an laeið þan tneéta,
 cþomaþ þjaé tuð dā hól; azaþ muþ tuð
 Dēþþone þin d'ā haþne, a dūbaþne le Lebaþ-
 éam go m'a maþe le þēþi þeap do þeþe aþe
 aþ a mbeðíþ na tþí dāta aþ éonaþne. Muþ a
 tā, dāþe an þheþe aþ a þholt, dāþe þola an-
 laeið aþ a þruaþð, azaþ dāþe an tneéta aþ
 a éneþ. Ðl tā a þaniaþ þin d'þioþ, þe þāþð-
 teþ Naþi mac Uþneac, a þþoþaþ Chon-
 éuþaþ þan teþlaé. Maþeð a Lebaþéam,
 (aþ þí,) þuþðmþi tuþa a éuþ dom accalam
 þēþi þan þþioþ. Noéþaþ Lebaþéam do Naþi
 an nþ þin. Laþ þin tānið Naþi óþ þel a
 nðāþl Dþēþþone, acaþ cuþneþ a þuþm mēþo a
 þeþne do, acaþ þaþuþ aþ í þēþi do þneþe aþ
 elóð ó Chonéuþaþ. Tuð Naþi aenþa nþ þin,
 þe'þ leþþleþ é d'egla Chonéuþaþ. Tþalluþ
 þēþi aþuþ a dā þþāþeþi, ioðon, Ðþinnle, azaþ
 Ðþnðāþ, azaþ Dēþþone, azaþ tþí éaogac laeé
 muþ aen þþu, go b' Ðlþaþ, āþ a þþuaþaðaþ
 congþāþl

* That is, they and their followers were received into
 the king of Alba's army, and were assigned an appa-
 nage, or *Land of Maintenance*, to be held for service,
 as was usual in those ancient times. It must be con-
 cluded that the youthful fame in arms of Naisi and his
 brothers, was not unheard of by the sovereign to whom
 he

that her tutor killed a calf to prepare food for her, and, on his spilling the calf's blood in the snow, a raven came to drink of it; and as Deirdri noticed this, she said to Lavarcam, that she would be glad herself to have a husband possessed of the three colours which she saw; that is, his hair of the colour of the raven, his cheek of the colour of the calf's blood, and his skin of the colour of the snow. There is such a man, named Naisi son of Usnach, of Conor's household, said Lavarcam. O! then, said Deirdri, I beseech you to send him privately to address me; and accordingly Lavarcam discloses the circumstance to Naisi, and Naisi secretly pays a visit to Deirdri, and she communicates the greatness of her affection for him, and desires of him to take her by stealth from Conor. Naisi consented to this, though reluctantly, through fear of Conor. He himself, and his two brothers, Ainli and Ardan, and Deirdri, accompanied by one hundred and fifty warriors, made their way to Alba, where they obtained maintenance of quarterage* from the king of

he resorted with such prompt confidence. In fact, the greatest intimacy and most familiar intercourse existed between the *Picts*, or old inhabitants of *Alba*, or modern Scotland, and the *Scots*, or old inhabitants of *Eirè*, or Ireland. Our own history truly informs us, and the venerable

congobáil buannaéta ó Ríge Alban, go ffuair
 tuaruscobáil fgeime Dheirdre, acaí gur iar
 na mnaí d'ó fcein í. Gabuís fceis N'airi zona
 bráitrib uime sin. Tmalluio a h' Alban an
 oilean mara air teieio le Dheirdre, tar éis
 iomaio coibléit do tabairt do muinntir an
 Ríog acaí dáib fcein dá éisle roime sin. Ulet
 éeóna, ar na éloí an Ultaib go rabadar
 meic Uíneac san éiccinóasí sin, a dubadar
 móran d'Uaírib an éoigio re Concubar gur
 éruaio clann Uíneac do beit air deoraigeit
 tre érocinnaí, acaí go m'a coir fíof do
 éur oíra acaí a tabairt don tír. Do beir
 Concubar aentaio m' sin, air impíde na
 n'Uaíal, acaí tug fceis mac Ríog, acaí
 Dubtae Dael Ulaio, acaí Cormac Conluin-
 geis í glámb air fcein fá beit d'íle dáib."

K. MS. HIST. OF IRE.

venerable Bede upholds and confirms its authenticity,
 that the Picts, in their voyages and peregrinations, long
 previous to this period, touched upon Ireland, then in-
 habited by the *Scots*, who gave them a hospitable and
 honourable reception. This was the foundation of a
 closely intimate connexion which prevailed for several
 succeeding ages. Alba was pointed out by the Scots as
 a place

of that country, until he got an account of Deirdri's beauty, and asked her for himself as wife.

“ Naisi and his brothers being highly incensed at this, fled from Alba into a sea-girt isle with Deirdri, after they and the king’s forces had many conflicts with each other previously. When the Ultonians therefore heard of the sons of Usnach being in this distress, many of the nobles of the province told Conor that it was piteous that the sons of Usnach should be in banishment for a bad woman, and that they ought to be sent for, and brought to their country. Conor consented to this at the entreaty of the nobles, and gave Fergus son of Roy, Dubthach Chafer of Ulster, and Cormac Conlingas, as guarantees for himself that he would act faithfully towards them.”

So
C
a place of easy settlement for the wandering Picts; they supported them with aid, and their principal leaders took wives from among the Scottish or Irish princesses, whose offspring, in the event of success, and success ensued, were, by compact, to be preferred in the succession to sovereignty in Alba ever after.

That this connexion was long maintained between those two nations of *Picts* of Alba, and *Scots* of Ireland,

we

So far we have followed Keating, in order to introduce the reader to the tragical story which follows.

we have the irrefragable authority of respectable Roman writers, as the connexion was long the terrour of the Roman power. Silius Italicus, in his praise of Stilicho, introduces even the Saxons into the league, when he writes,

—————Maduerunt, *Saxone* fuso,
Orcades; incaluit *Pictorum* sanguine *Thule*;
Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis IERNE.

The *Saxon* vanquish'd, *Orkney's* Isles grew moist;
The frozen *Thule* glow'd with *Pictish* blood;
Her heaps of *Scots* cold icy *Ireland* mourn'd!

Here is a lamentable, but a genuine and incontestable proof of an intimate and long subsisting connexion, which the fastidious sophistry or contemptible ignorance of latter sciolists would fain obliterate, in spite of the fair evidence and truth of history. In fact it cannot be denied, and the honorable and intelligent of the modern Scots know and acknowledge, that a colony of Scots from Ireland finally settled in *Alba*, now *Scotland*; that the settlement thus made continued tributary to the mother sovereignty till released from such impost by the authority and influence of the presumptive heir to the Irish crown, the great Colum Kill, whose sanctified mental sublimity preferred the renowned mission of becoming the Apostle of Gospel Light to the Picts, to the transient sway of the sceptre of Ireland; and that at length,

lows. The catastrophe is different in this, as to circumstances, from that in Keating, who faithfully relates

length, upon the demise of the *Pictish*, the *Scotish* dynasty prevailed, through which his present Majesty derives his title to the throne of these realms. All this is incontestable historic truth, notwithstanding the fictitious reveries of Buchanan, Fordun, M'Kenzie, Mac Pher-son, and others, to discredit our history, which is not to be refuted by such groundless and airy presumption. "*Non possumus aliquid contra VERITATEM, sed pro VERITATE.*" "*We cannot prevail against the TRUTH, but for the TRUTH,*" is an ancient maxim, the value of which cannot be appreciated better than in the present instance.

Away then with those fabrications framed for silly motives, or for interested or unworthy purposes. Let us, both modern Scotch and Irish, pursue the more honorable end of preserving the valuable remains of our ancient literature, which was of yore, and may again be our common property. At no very remote period, we were united on the martial plain, against a nation whom we then considered as a common enemy, though happily now in union with us. I remember, when a boy, about four and thirty years ago, to have read with no small glow of national exultation, in a book with which I presume every Scotch and English literary gentleman is well acquainted, an account of a great battle between the Scotch and English, wherein the latter were totally routed, owing principally, as there stated, to the irresistible valour of some Irish bowmen who were auxili-
aries

relates historical facts, and we will hereafter produce an ancient document, which must have been his authority. The subsequent story, therefore, must be regarded as a poetic composition, founded upon historic truth, for the purpose of amusement, a frequent practice with our ancient poets. Among all our stories, which are very numerous, it has been time immemorial held in high repute, as one of the "Three tragic Stories of the Irish." These are "The Death of the Children of Touran, the Death of the Children of Lear," (both regarding Tuatha de Danans) and this, "The Death of the Children

aries to the Scots. An English poet is quoted as having written on the occasion,

"To *Albion Scots* we ne'er would yield,
 "The *Irish bowmen* won the field."

Let us now endeavour to rival each other in the dignified pursuit of perpetuating our ancient glory, by rescuing our long reviled and neglected language and literature from oblivion. Yours and ours were long the same, and what remains with either must ever continue so. Many of our books you evidently have, from the specimens given in the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, published in 1805; and if you are pleased to publish them, they will be yours and ours, as common property; and to this laudable exertion we earnestly and anxiously solicit and entreat you.

Children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story. These stories are set forth by the following old stanzas :

Τῆς τρυαῖα na ἡδελυῖα ἔτα.

Τρυαῖ ἴσθι οἷο na ττῆς ττρυαῖ,
 ἢ βῆνι le'm ἔλυαῖ βεῖτ ὀ' ἀρεῖε;
 οἷο ἔλοῖννε τυρῆνι τρεῖν,
 na ἔ τρυαῖ λατῖα ῥεῖν, a μεῖε!

Clanna Lín accroṡaḃ ēn,
 mallaḗt aḃ an m'beul do luaḃ;
 Conn, fhaḗra, fhuḡuala 's 2leḃ,
 aḡ fhu doḃ an ttaḃa tḃuaḡ!

Clann Uḡneac, ḡḡaḡ na ῥῥeap,
 attuḡm le neḡt ḡluaḡ;
 Naḡ, 's 2huḡle, 's 2ḡdan,
 aḡ fhu aḡat an tḡeḡ tḃuaḡ!

LITERAL

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY-TELLING.

“ Sad to me the catastrophe of the three sorrows—
Sweet to my ear is not their recital;
The death of the children of Touran,
Is it not sorrowful to thyself, my son?*

The children of Lear† in shape of birds,‡
A curse on the mouth that pronounc’d;
Conn, Fiacra, Finola and Aedh,
There for you is the second sorrow.

The sons of Usnach, shield of men,
They fell by the force of hosts;
Naisi, Ainli, and Ardan,
There for you is the third sorrow.

The

* The story-teller addresses his hearer.

† Lear the Sea, parent of the famed Mananan, of whom more hereafter.

‡ They were said to be changed by the incantations of their step-mother into swans.

The Versification in English, from the literal Translation, by Mr. William Leahy, a young gentleman from whom Ireland has yet to expect much celebrity..

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY-TELLING.

Three are the causes dire of woe!

How mournful is the tale to tell!

My son, with sorrow wilt thou know,

How mighty Touran's offspring fell!

Lear's noble line that wing'd the air,

Chang'd to the bird's high soaring form,

Conn, Aida, and Finola fair,

Fiach, who brav'd each gloomy storm.

Be ever curs'd the tongue profane,

Which plung'd the guiltless thus in woe;—

O! would the hellish spells were vain!

The second spring whence tears must flow!

Naisi, Anli, and Ardan's might,

Usna's sons,—of conquering force,—

By circling hosts subdued in fight:

Threefold is now pale sorrow's source!

Oide Chloinne Uírneac.

Fleð meðajr-éaejn, mór-aðbal do rjinnat
 le Concubair mac faetna fátajg, mje Rosa
 ruajtð, mje Ruðrajtðe, jodon, Rjg Ulað, an
 Emajn mjn alujnn Mhaça, do majtjb acaj do
 mór-uajrljb ajr éetna, gur ba fúbae so-
 menmnae na flóig uile. Ró ejrge an aej
 éjyl, ðjrfjtðeð, acaj elatna, do fejnn a
 cejpteða ceolbjne caejntéðaça, acaj a
 tjomprana tajtneimaça tajðujne: acaj do
 zabajl a n-ðrēçta ffljðaçta, a cepraeba
 cōjnnesa, acaj a n-geza gejnelayð. Jte
 annanna na fflleð ro ba fan dún an tan
 jn, jodon Caðbað caemðraj, mac Conajll
 mje Ruðrajtðe, acaj Jennán gjuatð-jolajf
 mac Caðbað, acaj fepcejtne fflle, acaj
 Jennán glúndub mac Caðbujð, acaj jmat
 ajle jmmajlle pe Sençan mac Ojlla.

24

* Now and for ages known by the name of Ardmagh,
 or Armagh, literally signifying *the Height of Macha*,
 from *Macha Mong-Ruadh*, i. e. *Macha of the Red tres-*
ses, who was queen of Ireland, and foundress of Eman.
 She is the only woman who was sovereign of Ireland be-
 fore the coming of the English.

THE DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF
USNACH.

“ A feast of convivial exhilaration, grandly magnificent, was given by Conor, (son of Factna the wise, son of Ross the red, son of Rory) king of Ulster, in the delightful splendid Eman of Macha,* for his grandees and nobles, and other gentry, at which the entire assembly were gay and cheerful. Then arose their professors of music, and harmony, and poetry, to sound their melodious harps of sweet strings, and their bright, splendid tympanans; and to sing their poetic strains, their branches of consanguinity, and boughs of genealogy. These are the names of the Fileas that were then in the mansion, viz. Caffa the generous Druid, son of Conall, son of Rory; and Gennan of the lightsome countenance, son of Caffa; and Fercartni the Filea; and Gannan black-knee, son of Caffa; and many more, together with Senchán, son of Olioll.†

D

“ The

† From this passage we know of what sort were the amusements of our remote ancestors at their grand feasts and entertainments. The professional characters mentioned

2lf amlaio do do gnaicuaio fleo na
 h'Emna, iodon, a maio nioia xein xa com-
 aia hac aen do teglac Choncuai: aca-
 af e lina teglaig Choncuai, iodon, cuier
 aia tii xiet aia se eeo aia mle; do badan
 ann ag ol, aca- ag aeioe, no gur togab
 Concuai a ollguo nioia of upo aca- af
 eo no nio. 2lf ail leam a xhoi d'xhaigail
 uai, an xfacabai mam tee bu xerri 'na
 tee na h'Emna, 'na teglac bu xerri 'na mo
 teglac fa ann aen maio da xfacabai a
 mam? Nii xhacamaia iadfan: Ma's eo, ol
 Concuai,

tioned here were the most famous of their day, and are
 commemorated as such in our history. It is to be ob-
 served, that Caffa was cousin-german to Conor's father.
 These were the substitutes for the dramatic entertain-
 ments of Greece and Rome, &c. &c. There are but
 a few principal professors mentioned, but we learn from
 other documents, that each chief in profession had a
 numerous suite or retinue of professional attendants,
 who were obliged to bear a part on these occasions, for
 which they were all very liberally, if not extravagantly,
 rewarded. It does not appear that the ancients posses-
 sed a great variety of musical instruments; but they cer-
 tainly were more than those here mentioned, as we
 shall see hereafter. However, the greatest old reviler
 of this country, Giraldus Cambrensis, acknowledges the
 Irish of his day unmatched in the art of music. But
 that was later by many centuries than the writing of this
 tale.

By

The usage at the feast of Eman was, that his own princely seat was appropriated to each of the household of Conor; and the number of the household of Conor was five and three score above six hundred and one thousand.* There they were at feasting and enjoyment, till Conor raised his awful, regal voice on high, and thus he said—"I desire to know from you, have you ever seen a house that was better than the house of Eman, or a mansion that was better than my mansion, in any place that you have ever seen?" "We saw not," said they. "Now then," says Conor, "know

By their descriptions it would appear that the ancients were very fond of curiously and gorgeously ornamenting their musical instruments. This will fully appear in future publications; as will also, that their dresses and ornaments were very superb and costly. Indeed this has been already irrefragably evinced by the expensive publications and profound expositions produced by the unceasing industry and respectable erudition of the learned and venerable general Vallancey, every day receiving additional confirmation by the support of new discoveries of valuable ornaments of gold and silver, the price of which was regulated by law, and which were worn by our noble and princely ancestors.

* The inverted numeration is remarkable in this passage. It savours strongly of Eastern origin, as well as of the Eastern mode of writing from *right to left*.

“ know you of any want whatever under which
 “ you lie?” “ We know not,” say they. “ Not
 “ so with me,” says Conor, “ I know of a great
 “ want which presseth upon you ; that is, that three
 “ exalted, renowned youths, the three Luminaries
 “ of the valour of the Gæils, that is, the three no-
 “ ble sons of Usnach, should be absent from us
 “ on account of any woman in the world ! I mean
 “ Naisi, Ainli, and Ardan ; and they have defended
 “ by the might of their hands a district and half
 “ of Alba ; for sons of a king indeed are they, and
 “ they would assert high sovereignty for the princes
 “ of Ulad.”*—“ Dared we to say that,” said they,
 “ long since would we have said it ; and moreover,
 “ that the province of Ulad would be in likeness
 “ unto every other province in Erin,† did there
 “ not exist any more of the Ultonians but these
 “ three themselves alone, for lions in valour and
 “ prowess are they.”

“ Therefore then,” says Conor, “ let messengers
 “ be sent to the fair regions of Alba of resplendent
 “ clime, to Loch-Eitche,‡ and to the fastness of
 “ the

is not only a body of water surrounded entirely by land,
 but is also a name for an arm of the sea which diffuses
 itself, after a narrow entrance, into the land, as Lough
 Swilly in Ireland.

acaſ zo daingjon mjc n-Uſneac dā n-ſapaſo
 tap aſ. Cja pačas leſſ an teētapaet ſin,
 an cāc zo coſtceini? Nj phepaſa ſin, an
 Concubān, ōn n zeſ do Naſe ſan teēt a
 n-ſin ne ſjē dā phebaſ aēt ne ceētān don
 tmaſ amān, ſodon ne Conall Cernaē, ne
 ſeſgus mac Rōſ, no ne Cuēulann; acaſ
 aſceonaſa aſoſ, an Concubān, cja don
 tmaſ ſin le an ab amſa me ſēn: acaſ ſan-
 ſin do muſ Conall i bſōd ſo leſt leſ, acaſ
 d' ſhaſpaſ de, eſed do dēnam leſ d'a
 ceuſaſ aſn cēni mac n-Uſneē ē, acaſ a
 mſlead an a ſoncaſ? Maſ nac ſſobnam,
 ol ſe. Nj baſ aen-duſne amān do tſeſad de
 ſin, aēt ſac aen aſn a m-beſuſnſi d'Ultaſ,
 do dēnaſ doēan dōſ, bſaen bāſ acaſ
 tſmōſbe

* Such vows were inviolate with our heathen ances-
 tors. Any one became infamous who would break them;
 and the vengeance of Heaven was apprehended as the
 immediate consequence of their violation. This was the
 ancient chivalry of the Irish, upon which, perhaps, was
 grounded the more modern one of the middle ages.
 Those who were initiated into the *order of valour*, a very
 ancient one in Ireland, as it existed long before the
 Christian Æra, were peculiarly bound by these GESA,
 or *solemn injunctions*: *Zeſa nac ſſuſnſiſi ſin-*
laēca. *Injunctions not resisted by true heroes, is a*
usual

“the sons of Usnach, to solicit their return.”
 “Who shall go with that message?” said all uni-
 versally. “I know not that,” says Conor, “for
 “Naisi is under *solemn vow** not to return west-
 “ward but with either of the three alone; that is,
 “with Conall Carnach, or with Fergus son of
 “Roy,† or with Cuchullan; and I will know
 “now,” says Conor, “who of the three best loves
 “myself;”‡ and after that he took Conall into a
 place apart, and asked of him, what he would do
 unto him, if he would send him for the sons of
 Usnach, and that they should be destroyed over
 his guaranty? “As I purpose not,” says Conall,
 “it is not one man’s death alone that would
 “thence ensue, but each of the Ultonians
 “who would injure them, whom I should ap-
 “prehend, on him would I inflict the sorrow of
 “death and abridgment of life.” “True it is,”
 says

usual expression in our ancient tales.—Quære! Were these the *Gessatæ* of Roman story, or were they like them? Was our *ḡaṣṡ*, or javelin, the *Gesa*?

† He was so called from his mother; even our poets denominate his descendants *O’Roy*, or *descended of Roy*, as may be collected from the following stanza, spoken by a bard of the last, or preceding century, upon hearing a dove coo from Mothar-I-Roy, the Ruin of O’Conor

t̃m̃d̃j̃b̃ẽ s̃ãẽg̃ãl̃ d̃'j̃m̃j̃ñt̃ x̃ãj̃ñ. 2l̃s̃ x̃j̃ñ s̃j̃ñ ãñ,
 Coñc̃ũb̃ãñ, t̃ũj̃g̃j̃m̃s̃j̃ ñãc̃ j̃m̃m̃ũj̃ñ l̃ẽt̃s̃ã m̃ẽ x̃ẽj̃ñ:
 ãc̃ãs̃ t̃õ ẽũj̃ñ Coñãll̃ ũãj̃d̃, ãc̃ãs̃ t̃ũg̃ Cú-
 ẽũl̃õj̃ññ

nor Corcamroy's mansion, in the north-west part of the
 County of Clare, where the poet designates the ancient
 proprietor by the patronymic appellation of O'Roy, as
 that princely family, now nearly extinct, was descended
 from Fergus the son of Roy here mentioned :

2l̃ ẽũj̃l̃m̃ ãñ ẽẽõj̃l̃ b̃r̃õñãj̃g̃ 's̃ãñ d̃ũñ d̃ũb̃ t̃ãll̃,
 's̃t̃õj̃l̃b̃ ãñ r̃õj̃m̃ ñõs̃m̃ãr̃s̃õ x̃ú̃t̃ g̃õ x̃ãnñ;
 t̃ũl̃ãc̃ ũj̃ R̃õj̃g̃ m̃õr̃g̃ãj̃d̃ ñã m̃-b̃ú̃j̃t̃ñẽd̃ m̃-b̃ẽãnñ,
 g̃ãñ ẽũj̃ñẽ, g̃ãñ s̃p̃õr̃t̃ s̃ẽõl̃t̃ã, g̃ãñ l̃ú̃b̃ãd̃ l̃ãnñ!

TRANSLATION.

O! dove of mournful strain in yon dark dome,
 How sad this fashion'd pile, thy realm of gloom!
 Great O'Roy's hill, that rang with trumpets roar,
 With hosts, or justs, or tilts, resounds no more!

The Gaelic reader will perceive that this is closely li-
 teral.

Fergus's father was Ross the red. He was therefore
 uncle to Conor. Cuchullan and Conall Carnach were
 cousin-germans to the children of Usnach, being all
 the children of Caffa's three daughters, as recited in
 the following ancient genealogical^p oem :

Cat̃b̃ãd̃

says Conor, "I perceive that dear to you I my-
self am not." And he sent Conall away from

E

him,

Catbaid mac Maelccje na cepeac,
ced fher'ga nabe Māgaē;
a dā fher eile, buan a m'beaōg,
Rosa ruad, Cairbre cendearg.

Tmar d'a rug Māgaē clann glann,
Rosa ruad, Cairbre h Catbaid;
deicnebur natmar ne a roin,
do b' ag Māgaē mala-duin.

Tn' deig-mic le Rosa ruad,
'f ceicne mic le Cairbre cruad;
glata fhuigela gan asl,
'f tn' h'ingena le Catbaid.

Rug Māgaē do Chatbaid Dna,
tn' h'ingena fa maic gna,
do éinn a ceit' tar gaē aen,
Deicinn, Dhlbe 'gus fhuic aem.

fhuic aem, ingen Catbaid éain,
deig-maich Chonaill Cherinaig;
tn' mic Dhlbe nān ob ād,
Nais, h Dhinle, h Dhrōan.

Mac

ċulojn ċuſe acaſ d'ſhjaſnaſ de mur an
 ccētna; do beſnmaſ mo bſjačar, an Cú-
 ċulojn, dā ſjorčāſa ſjn ſonamſa, acaſ a
 ttabajnt

Mac do Dhēſčējn na n'ſnuad n'ſlan,
 Cúculajjn dūna delgan,
 Na čōſ mſe gan ſnājn n-ſuſn,
 aſ tſj h'jnſenaſb Chačbaſd.

Do člojn Deſačā, mēſd n'ſuſa,
 Māgač jnſen ſlenſuſa;
 ſjn Ulač aſeſ po an,
 N'j ruſ aen mac do Chačbačd.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Caffa, son of Maelga of the spoils,
 The first man who possessed Maga;
 Her two other husbands, lasting their renown,
 Ross the ruddy, and Cairbri red-head.

Three for whom Maga bore offspring bright,
 Ross the ruddy, Cairbri and Caffa;
 Ten, prosperous to be enumerated,
 Had Maga of dark-brown brow.

Three excellent sons by Ross the red,
 And four sons by Cairbri hard;
 Scions fair-bright, without blemish;
 And three daughters by Caffa,

Maga

him, and he took Cuchullan unto him, and he questioned him in the same manner. “ I pledge
 “ my solemn asseveration,” says Cuchullan, “ that
 “ if you would ask that of me, and that they
 “ would

Maga bore to Caffa the Druid
 Three daughters of excellent beauty,
 Who surpassed in form above all else,
 Deitin, Ailbhi, and Fincæmh.

Fincæmh, daughter of generous Caffa,
 The worthy mother of Conall Carnach ;
 The three sons of Ailbhi, that refused not fight,
 Naisi, and Ainli, and Ardan.

Son to Deitin of splended cheeks,
 Cuchullan of Dundalgan ;
 The five sons, who feared not wounds,
 Had the three daughters of Caffa.

Of the descendants of Degad, great in might,
 Was Maga daughter of Ængus ;
 The men of Ulster with her abode,
 She bore not one son to Caffa.

*The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
 by Mr. William Leahy.*

Mælgæ's brave son, who from the bloody field
 Bore off the spoils upon his batter'd shield,—
 Caffa, the first, receiv'd fair Maia's hand :
 Two other lords she had, whose fame shall stand,
 Cairbir, red-hair'd chief, and Ross the brave ;
 To three the heav'nly Maia offspring gave,

Who

τταβαρητ ευγαδ ευμ α μαρβτα, ηαε αεν-
 τυνη αμαμ δο τυτταδ σαν η-ηηοιμ, αετ
 ηαε αεν ο'υλταβ αη-α μβεηηαηηηη, βηαεν
 βαη

Who prov'd their mighty source by matchless might,
 From Caffa, Ross, and Cairbir, fierce in fight ;
 High on the wing of Fame for e'er to soar,
 Full ten in all the dark-brow'd Maia bore ;
 Three warlike sons had Ross, with glory fir'd,
 Who to victorious deeds in war aspir'd ;
 And four can Cairbir, hardy warrior, claim,
 Brave youths, of form divine, and spotless fame ;
 Three lovely daughters, too, the matron bless'd,
 Who Caffa for their honor'd sire confess'd ;—
 Fincæva, Detin, Alva the serene,
 Who stood unrivall'd in resplendent mien ;
 From gen'rous Caffa sprung, Fincæva fair
 Own'd Conall Carna her illustrious heir ;
 Alva's three sons, impetuous in the fight,
 Were Naisi, Anli,—Ardan's conq'ring might ;
 From Detin, heav'nly fair ! Cuchullan came,
 Whom high Dundalgan honor'd with its name ;
 Five youthful warriors, Caffa their great-sire,
 Swept the wide field, and made whole hosts retire,
 Fair Maia sprung from Degad's noble line,
 Ængus her sire—and of descent divine ;—
 Full three Ultonian lords possess'd the dame,—
 No son she bore to Caffa's mighty fame,

‡ Here Conor's design of vengeance begins to dis-
 close itself by insinuation. It appears that Conall Car-
 na and Cuchullan, the cousin-germans of the children of
 Usnach, were aware of his design, and gave him dis-
 couraging

“ would be brought unto you to be slain,
 “ it is not one man alone that would fall for the
 “ deed, but every one of the Ultonians whom I should
 “ lay

couraging answers. But he knowing his own power, and intent on his dark design, is determined to persevere, although he had cause of apprehension from the might and popularity of his rivals and their adherents, who were all his own close relations by consanguinity. He makes his first proposal to those of closest connexion with the sons of Usnach, and having discovered their disposition, he next applies to Fergus, his own uncle, and his next in authority and dignity in the province, but to his certain knowledge most affectionately attached to the sons of Usnach. He is answered with declared suspicion by all, but Fergus exempts his life from his own vengeance should he prove treacherous; and therefore knowing he may rely with confidence on his fidelity, he selects him for the mission. It seems all the nobles were diffident of his sincerity, and led to consent to the recall, not so much from a confidence in their own power of protection, great as that certainly was, but from a religious reliance on his *plighted word*. But the power of jealousy overbore his religious obligation. He broke his *public faith*, solemnly pledged, and then *first violated*. The vengeance for this perfidy was signal. Fergus and the other guarantees outraged, fled to Mevia, paramount queen of Conaught. A desolating war was raised against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. The particular circumstances of this war are detailed in the ancient tales of τὰν βό Cualgne, *The Cattle Spoil of Cualgny*, and in brúleē mór Mhaige Murtėjinne, *The great breach of the Plain*
 of

báir acas gery-íaeáil do tabairt dó.
 24 fín sin, a Chúcalainn, ol Concubair,
 tugaim náe minn leat me fén, acas do
 éur Cúculoinn uadā, acas tug fergus
 euge, acas d'fhiafraig de mur an gcéona;
 as éo a tabairt fergus fín, gelluim san
 dol fad fhusl, gidead nī fín Ulltae
 air a mbéirínni as dénam doéair. dóib,
 náe ttrubrínni bnaen báir acas bje euga do.
 25 fín sin, ar Concubair, as tusa naéas air
 a ceenn, acas gluaif nōmad a mānae ann,
 oir nī let tjeas fad, acas as teét anoir
 dúit, gab go dūn bhoruig mac cainte, acas
 tabair bmaear dāinā, com-luait nī tjeas
 tu, clann Uíneac do éur go h-Emain, mā
 oidee no lō dóib as teét ann. Iar sin tain-
 catar afeé air aen, acas do innf fergus
 do éac é fén do éur san t-flamgeét sin.
 26 acas do rugadar as an aidei sin.

Do

of Murthemny, where Cuchullán was slain. This note
 is true history, and discloses the whole plot of this dra-
 matic tale, for such would I have the reader to accept it.
 The genius of Shakespeare would work it out into a
 noble tragedy.

“ lay hold on should meet the sorrow of death and
 “ abridgment of life.” “ That is true, Cuchul-
 “ lan,” says Conor, “ I understand that dear to
 “ you I myself am not.” And he put Cuchul-
 lan from him, and took Fergus unto him, and
 questioned him in like manner. This is what
 Fergus said unto him : “ I promise not to attempt
 “ thy blood ; however, there is not an Ultonian
 “ whom I should catch doing them injury, to
 “ whom I would not give the affliction of death and
 “ condition of repose.” True it is,” says Conor,
 “ it is you that must go for them, and move thou
 “ forward to-morrow thither,” says he, “ for with
 “ you will they come ; and on thy coming from east-
 “ ward, go unto the mansion of Barach son of
 “ Cainti,* and pledge thy solemn word to me, that
 “ as soon as thou shalt have arrived, thou wilt send
 “ the *children* of Usnach to Eman, whether it be
 “ night or day with them on their arrival.” After
 this they came intogether, and Fergus told the rest,
 of his being himself on this guaranty ; and so they
 bore away that night.

Conor

* One of the nobles of the king's household, whose
 residence was on the coast of Ulster, immediattely op-
 posite to ALBA, or *modern* SCOTLAND.

Do aiseil Concubair boraic, acaí do yha-
 fpaig de, an nairb flet ollam aise do? a
 tá an boraic, acaí ge gur ffeidh lhom a de-
 nam nhr bfeidh lhom a h-jomcar go h-Emainn.
 Ma'í ed, ahr Concubair, tabair d'fheirgus
 i mur as taesga tucfas a n-Emainn; oir h
 da gesairb flet d'obad. Do gell boraic sin
 do. Do tugadar as an oide sin.

Da gluaí fheirgus ahr na mairac acaí nhr
 nuz leí do íluaí no do íocaidé, aet é fheir
 acaí a d'as mac, iodon, Illann fhrinn acaí
 buinne borb-nuad, acaí Cailionn, iodon,
 golla na h-Iubraigé, acaí an Iubraic fheir.
 Do gluaíedar nōmpa go daingen mac
 n'Uíneac, acaí go loc n'Éide an Albain.
 Do

* From this, and a subsequent passage, it would ap-
 pear that Barach was in Conor's confidence, and well
 acquainted with his design; and also, that it was appre-
 hended by Conor and his adherents, that if Fergus
 would arrive in company with the sons of Usnach, his pow-
 er and authority would be paramount for their protection.

† Such were the sure and insuperable means of de-
 taining the sincere, upright, and heroic Fergus. His
Gesa were inviolate.

‡ Meaning that so they passed that night, that is,
 that all was settled for that night, and no further inte-
 ruption

Conor addressed Barach, and asked of him whether he had a feast prepared for him? "I have," says Barach, "and though I was able to prepare it, I was not able to bear it to Eman."* "Why then," says Conor, "give it to Fergus soon as ever he shall arrive in Erin, for it is of *his solemn ties*† not to refuse a feast." Barach promised him this: thus they bore away that night.†

“ Fergus proceeded the next day, and took not with him of troop or host, but himself and his two sons, namely, Illan the Fair, and Buine the Ruthless Red; and Callon, who was his shield-bearer, and the shield itself. § They moved forward to the fastness of the sons of Usnach, and to the Lake Eitche, in Alba. Thus stationed were the sons of

F

Usnach.

ruption of mirth took place. Thus I might have translated, but I choose to be even idiomatically literal.

§ Is this the origin of the *Knight* and *Esquire* of the middle ages? This tale was certainly written many centuries before the age of romance. Although they have some distinctive marks common to both, yet the stamp of antiquity is evident in its true place, in regard to the Irish institution of the *Gaige*, or *valour*, and the chivalry, or knighthood, of subsequent ages. This we shall have occasion hereafter to observe upon, in giving the initiation of Cuchullan.

21. amlaio do bádaí clann Uí Fheacá, acaí
 trí gannbota aca, acaí an bóir an a
 mbuistí a bpróinn, níl mór d'íorí, acaí
 an bóir ina n'íorí níl mór do éoladís:
 acaí aín tteét t'fergus san iúbaí, do léis
 glacó mór xhéine aí, acaí í amlaio bí Naisí
 acaí Déirdre, acaí an éinneamí etarra,
 iodon, xéill Choncubáin, acaí iad aí
 mór uirre: do éuala Naisí an glacó, acaí
 a dubaí, do éluim glacó Eirinnais. Níl
 glacó Eirinnais í, ol Déirdre, acaí glacó
 Albanaí; do aín Déirdre cédglaeo fhe-
 gus, acaí do éill í, acaí do léis fergus
 an dara glacó aí, í glacó Eirinnais í
 an Naisí. Níl h'éo acaí glacó Albanaí, do
 deimí, ol Déirdre, acaí mór am tóroim.
 Do léis fergus an trí glacó, acaí do aín
 mór Uí Fheacá gur ab é fergus do léis an
 glacó, acaí a dubaí Naisí le h'Albanaí
 dul aín éinn fergus. Ro náio Déirdre gur
 aín í í í an céo glacó ro léis fergus.
 Cíeo

* In time of repose from the feats of war, the hardy
 amusements of the ancients of Erin were hunting and
 hurling, iomáint or cup báire, a manly game pecu-
 liar to the Irish, which shall be described in the story of
 Cuchullán hereafter. Their recreative amusement was
 the noble game of chess. Their festive entertainments
 have been already described.

Usnach. They had three booths of chase;* and the booth in which they prepared their food, not in that did they eat it; and that in which they eat, not in that did they sleep. And when Fergus came into the harbour, he sent forth of him the loud cry of a mighty man of chase. And Naisi and Deirdri were then seated together, and the *polished cabinet*† between them, that is, Conor's chess-board, and they playing upon it. Naisi heard the cry, and said, "I hear the call of a man of Erin." "That was not the call of a man of Erin," says Deirdri,† "but the call of a man of Alba." Deirdri knew the first cry of Fergus, and she concealed it. Fergus uttered the second cry. "That is the cry of a man of Erin," says Naisi. "It is not indeed," says Deirdri, "and let us play on." Fergus sent forth the third cry, and the sons of Usnach knew it was Fergus that sent forth the cry. And Naisi ordered Ardan to go to meet Fergus. Deirdri declared she knew the first call sent forth by Fergus.

"Why

† Every thing belonging to a great personage of old had a peculiar name; such as his armour, arms, chess-board, &c.

† The apprehensive caution and foresight of Deirdri is admirably well maintained throughout the remainder of this tale.

Cnēd xān ēeļļs ſſn a njoſuſn, an Naſſi?
 2hſlſnſ do cōnnajne mē a nēn, an Dēnſone,
 joðon trſ h'eoſn do tēēt ēuſajnn o Eamujn-
 9haēa, acaſ trſ bolſuſn mela 'n a mbēlaſb
 leo, acaſ a xāzgbāſl aſajnnē, acaſ trſ
 bolſuſn dān bſuſl do bneſt leo. Cnēd ſ an
 bneſt a tā aſad uſnnē ſſn, a njoſuſn, an
 Naſſi? 2l tā, an Dēnſone, fēnſuſ do tēēt
 ēuſajnn le tēētajnaēt ſſtēāna o Chonēubar,
 oſn nſ mſſe mſl no tēētajnaēt ſſtēāna an
 duſne bneſajd; leſſ ſſn tār, an Naſſi; aſ
 xada a tā fēnſuſ n an bpoſt, acaſ eſnſe
 a 2lſdajnn aſn a ēenn, acaſ tabajnn let ē.
 2luafſſoſ 2lſdān poſne muſ a naſb fēnſuſ
 acaſ toſnbnaſ pōſa ſo dſl dſēna do xēn,
 acaſ d'a dſaſ mac muſ aen xſſ, acaſ n
 ēd a dubajnt, mo ēſon dſb a ēuſeāēta jn-
 nuſn. 2lcaſ aſ a h'aſtē ſſn do xhjaſnaſſ
 ſſēla na h'ēneſnn dſob, acaſ d'jnnſſdān
 ſſn dō, acaſ jaſ ſſn tāncatān muſ a naſb
 Naſſi, 2hnnle acaſ Dēnſone, acaſ do toſn-
 bſadān pōſa jmda d'fēnſuſ con a macuſb,
 acaſ d' xhjaſnaſſēdaſ ſſēla na h'ēnean
 dſob. 2lſ jað ſſēla aſ xēſſ aſajnn, an
 fēnſuſ, Conēubar dān cēuſnnē a cēon acaſ
 a ſlānaſſaēt ān bān cēſonn ſa. Nſ h-jndul-
 ta dōſbſan ann ſſn, an Dēnſone, oſn n mo
 a tſſa-

“Why didst thou conceal it then, my queen?”
 says Naisi. “A vision I saw last night,” says
 Deirdri, “namely, that three birds came unto us
 “from Eman of Macha, having three sups of ho-
 “ney in their beaks, and that they left them with
 “us, and that they took three sups of our blood
 “with them.” “What determination hast thou
 “of that, O princess?” says Naisi. “It is,” says
 Deirdri, “that Fergus comes unto us with message
 “of peace from Conor; for more sweet is not ho-
 “ney than the message of peace of the false man.”
 “Let that by,” says Naisi, “Fergus is long in
 “the port, and go, Ardan, to meet him, and bring
 “him with thee.”—Ardan moves forward to where
 Fergus was, and bestowed kisses dearly and ear-
 nestly on himself and his two sons together with
 him, and thus he said: “My affection be unto you,
 “O, dear companions!” says he, and after that he
 asked of them the tales of Erin, and these they
 told him; and thereafter they came to where Naisi,
 Ainli and Deirdri were, and these bestowed many
 kisses on Fergus with his sons, and they enquired of
 them the tales of Erin. “The best tales I have,”
 says Fergus, are “that Connor hath sent us under
 “condition and guaranty for you.” “It is not meet
 “for them to go thither,” says Deirdri, “for great-
 “er

a ttağernas ƣēn an 2lban, ina ttağernas
 Concobann an Eirinn. Is ƣerr in dútčas
 'na ƣac nŋd, an ƣerrus, óir is nemabŋnn
 do neč, ƣē mād mór a paŋe no a nŋge, muna
 bƣaŋceđ a dútčas ƣēn ƣac lae. 2l ƣŋr
 ŋn an Naisi, óir is anna hom ƣēn Eŋe no
 2lba, ƣē mó do ƣebunŋ an 2lban, no an
 Eirinn. 2l ƣaŋen dŋbŋ a dól homŋa, an
 ƣerrus, as ƣaŋen čedna, an Naisi, acas
 pačamaŋo let ƣo h'Eirinn. Nŋ do đeoŋ
 ƣēn.

* The whole conversation here must convince every
 unprejudiced person that *Eiri*, not *Alba*, was the na-
 tive country of the sons of Usnach. Away then with
 the conceit, that "Usnach was lord of Etha;" whereas
 only the territory about Loch Eitche seems to have been
 the *appanage of maintenance* given by the king of Alba
 to the sons of Usnach. I deem it necessary here to
 give the inflexions of the words *Eŋe* and *2lba*.
 Every noun in the ƣačđŋŋc, or Irish language, must
 be considered as having *three states*, viz. 1. the *simple*, or
general; 2. the *articulate*; and 3. the *aspirate*. The
cases are five, viz. the *nominative*, *genitive*, *dative*, *ac-*
cusative, (always the same with the nominative) and the
vocative. The *simple state* of *Eŋe* is *nom. Eŋe*, *gen.*
Eŋeann, *dat. Eŋnn*, *acc. Eŋe*, *voc. 2l Eŋe*.
 The *articulate* and *aspirate states* of these words *Eŋe*
 and *2lba*, coincide, neither admitting the *article an*
 in

“er is their own sway in Alba,* than the sway of
 “Conor in Erin.” “The nativity is better than
 “every thing,” says Fergus, “for uncheering to
 “a person, however great his prosperity or power,
 “if he sees not his dear nativity each day.” “True
 “it is,” says Naisi, “for dearer to me is Eiri than
 “Alba, though more should I obtain in Alba than
 “in Erin.” “You may be confident in going with
 me,” says Fergus. “We have confidence truly,”
 says Naisi, “and we will go with you to Erin.”
 It was not with the consent of Deirdri that Naisi

ex-

in the nominative case, while the names of all other
 countries do. *Articulate and aspirate states* : nom. Eire,
 gen. na h Eireann and n' Eireann, dat. D' Eirinn
 and go h Eirinn, acc. Eire, voc. a Eire. *Simple*
state : nom. Ulba, gen. Ulban, dat. Ulbain, acc.
 Ulba, voc. Ulba. *Articulate and aspirate states* :
 nom. Alba, gen. na h Ulban and n' Ulban, dat.
 D' Ulbain and go h Ulbain, acc. Ulba, voc. a
 Ulba. It may be said, however, that these words,
 taken in an emphatic or fondling sense, will admit
 sometimes, but rarely, to be joined with an *article* in
 the nominative case ; and then the *nominative, dative,*
accusative, and vocative cases will be the same, viz.
 Eirinn and Ulbain ; as an Eirinn se againe,
 this Ireland of ours ; an Ulbain se againe, this
 Albain of ours. Hence has arisen the usual manner of
 writing Albain, or Albion, and Eirin, as nominatives in
 English.

Dējndre a dubajnt N'ajj na bmačra ſjn, acaſ
 do bĳ aḡā tōjrmjoſg zo mōr um a dōl ne fep-
 zuſ, acaſ tuz fepzuſ a bmačar ann ſjn,
 dā mbejōjſ ſjre Ene ann an bap n-aḡajō, naē
 bu ſejndre dōjō ē, ōj nĳ ba tōjon ſḡač, no
 clojōem, no cačbāp do neōē do bjaō ann
 būp n-aḡajō acaſ mĳj lĳb. 2lſ ſjſj ſjn, ap
 N'ajj, acaſ pačadmajdne leat zo h'Ejnjn.

Ruḡadar aſ an ojdēē ſjn zo majōjn ap
 na māpaē, acaſ ēuadar muſ a paĳb a
 lonḡa, acaſ do ēuadar ajr muſ acaſ mōr-
 ſhaſſe, zo tṭāḡadar zo dūn bhoſajḡ, acaſ
 d'ſheē Dējndre tar a h-aſ ajr ēmēajō 2l-
 ban, acaſ ſ ēō a dūbajnt; mo ējon duſt a
 tĳr ūō ſojr, acaſ aſ ole lĳom d'ſhāḡbājl,
 ōj aſ aĳjn do ēuaj, acaſ do čalaphujnt,
 acaſ do māḡa mĳnſcočāē caemājlne, acaſ
 do čulēaj taſtne māēa taēb-uaſtne, acaſ aſ
 beḡ do lēḡeman a leſ d'ſhāḡbājl acaſ a
 dūbajnt an laejō ann:

Jnnujn

* From this down to "and she raised the strain," is
 omitted in the extract given in the report of the com-
 mittee

expressed those words, and she continued greatly to oppose his going with Fergus; and Fergus did then pledge his solemn word, *and said*, “If *all* the men
 “of Eirin were against you, it would avail them
 “not; for no protection would shield, or sword or
 “helmet be, to any that would be against you, and
 “I with you.” “True it is,” says Naisi, “and
 “we will go with you to Eirin.”

They bore away that night until the morning of the next day, and they went where lay their ships, and they set out to sea, and over the great main ’till they came to the mansion of Barach; and Dierdri looked after her at the regions of Alba,* and thus she said: “My affection unto you, yon eastern
 “land, and grieved am I to leave you; for delight-
 “ful are thy harbours and thy bays, and thy dear
 “beauteous plains of soft verdure, and thy sprightly
 “green-sided hills; and little did we need to leave
 “thee!” and she raised the strain:

G

“Delightful

mittee of the Highland society; they have, however, marked the omissions with a few *dots*, without any other notice of it.

Innujn τῆν, an τῆν ad ῥοῖν,
 2lba con a h'jnzanτaῖb;
 moča ττjucxajnn ejτε jlle,
 muna ττjucxajnn le Naxe.

Innujn

* The meaning of this line has been utterly mistaken by doctor Donald Smith, evidently and *acknowledgedly* the best *Gælic* scholar in the Highland Society in 1805. This arose from his only having a slight acquaintance with ancient *Irish* manuscripts, of which, it seems, his countrymen have made some valuable collections latterly, and with which we are glad to find them eager to be acquainted. That the Highland Society is possessed of valuable *Irish* manuscripts, their plates of *blazoned head-letters*, and *fac simile* specimens put beyond a doubt. Doctor Smith has proved in many instances, excluding his exposition of the little poem before us, that he had made considerable progress towards a knowledge of the *correct* and *cultivated old language* of Ireland. He was, however, led astray in the present instance by the contracted form of the aspirated dative h-jnzanτaῖb. He took the first or upright stroke of the aspiration h for an l, not observing, as the plate exhibits, an j written underneath the last or down stroke, and over it a bar, like an hyphen, for an n. This *literal criticism* would be nugatory, if it tended not to prove, that their ablest *Gælic* scholars of modern date are, with all their industry, yet in *noviciate*. This error led doctor Smith to form a word not known in the language, viz. ljnzanτaῖb; and as ljn (making ljnntῖb

“ Delightful land, yon eastern land,
 “ Alba with its wonders ;*
 “ I would not hither thence depart,
 “ Did I not come-with Naisi.

“ Lovely

l̃ññt̃j̃b̃ in the dative plural) signifies a pool or lake, and as it had some *literal* likeness in the *three first letters* to what would be a fine natural curiosity, a lake, it was taken as such, and *lakes* are in the doctor's translation, for our *wonders*, meaning GRAND *natural curiosities*. This mistake is, however, a *mere violence to language*; but the other mistakes, so very numerous in this simple poem, are very gross violations of *sense* and *diction*, as well as of the *highest destination* of language, the *sentiment of poetry*, and its *upholding metre*. The other literal and constructive mistakes of doctor Smith are so numerous, as would swell this note beyond all reasonable limits; it must therefore be observed, generally, for the remainder, that the best informed modern *Gælic scholar*, doctor Smith, knew little of *old Irish* versification—nothing of its metre. There are not many instances of any poetry in our language not written in quartans, or stanzas of four lines, concluding a determined sense. In ancient manuscripts the judgment of the reader, and his knowledge of prosody, must be his guidance and direction, both for *sense* and *metre*; for as beautiful transcription was laborious, tedious and expensive, and fine vellum (the material on which they wrote) very scarce and costly, the scribes abridged the one and spared the other as much as they could. Hence

lines

Innujn Dún xjodajg 'f Dún xjnn;
 Innujn an dún of a ccjn;
 Innujn Innjg Dnoigheac de,
 agus Innujn Dún Suibne.

2l éojll

lines are not always terminated where metre would require, and where pathetic repetition is necessary, as the reader's judgment is depended upon, the repetition is omitted, and the next line proceeds without interruption. —Of what school-boys had by heart, it was but necessary to give a hint; taste supplied the rest. See the first instance in the present poem:

2l éhajll éuan! ón a éhajll éuan!

O, wood of Kone! O, wood of Kone!

In the copy before doctor Smith, there was no more of this line than *Caill éhuan*.—But if he had any knowledge of the real metre of the language, he could not but know what the rest of the stanza required, and he would of course supply the pathetic repetition of the exclamation. In fact, ye *modern Albanian Highland Scots*, of *noble Irish extraction*, roused as your *very respectable genius* is in defence of the *separating imposture* of its *late champion*, the *hombastically sublime* Mr. Mac Pherson, ye are *seri studiorum*, *late learned students*, in Irish. Your *silly*, *perverse* adherence to falshood could alone provoke *this* animadversion from us, whom could you deprive of *history* and *literature*, you yourselves

“ Lovely is Dunfy and Dunfin ;
 “ Lovely the Dun over them ;
 “ Lovely is the Isle of Drayno, too,
 “ And lovely is the Dun of Suvno.

“ O! wood

selves would have none left, nor the name of a people to *boast*. The following is our simple versification of this simple poem: comparative facts, in evident cases, are irrefragable proofs. Let the literal translations, between you and us, be the indubitable standard :

The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Delightful land ! yon eastern clime !
 Fair Alba with its scenes sublime ;—
 Its charming plains I ne'er would leave,
 But that I come with Naisi brave.

From Dunfy and Dunfin to fly,
 Mansions belov'd ! I'll ever sigh !
 The fort that rears its tow'ring pile—
 Swyno's high walls, and Drayno's isle.

O wood of Cona ! in thy bow'rs
 Did Anly spend his sweetest hours ;—
 In Alba's west too short my stay !
 For Naisi call'd me soon away.

O vale

2l éojll éuan! on a éojll éuan!

zuy tzigead 2lynnle, mo nuar;

ra 2ajno lhomra nó b'j ann,

h N'aji m jarčan 2lban.

Glenn Laidé! ón m glenn Laidé!

do éodluinn ram errad éaim;

lasc 'as oí-cheoil h fasil brúic,

ra h'j mo éuid m glenn Laidé.

Glenn

O vale of Lay!—far now it lies!

Where balmy slumbers clos'd my eyes:

The luscious flesh of badger rare,

And fish and ven'son were my fare,

Adieu to Masan's verdant vale!

Where herbage sweet perfum'd the gale;

My cares were often lull'd to rest,

Enroll'd in Masan's grassy vest.

With woe my bosom Archay fills;

The valley fair of flow'ry hills!

No youth more sprightly there was seen

Than Naisi, of majestic mien.

O Ety's vale! retreat divine!

Where first a house uprear'd was mine;

Amid thy groves, with golden gleam,

The sun spreads wide his rising beam.

No

“ O! wood of Kone, O! wood of Kone,
 “ Whither, alas! Ainli would resort;
 “ Too short I deem my stay there,
 “ With Naisi in the west of Alba.

“ Vale of Laith, O! in the vale of Laith
 “ I used to sleep under my soft coverlets;
 “ Fish and venison, and the delicious prime of
 “ badger,*
 “ Was my repast in the vale of Laith.

“ Vale

No more I'll rove in Daro's vale—
 I love each claimer of that dale:
 How sweet the cuckoo's melting strain
 From bending bough, o'er Daro's plain!

Farewel to Drayno's sounding shore!
 O'er crystal sand whose waters roar;
 These charming scenes I ne'er would leave,
 But with my love—my Naisi brave.

The stile of this poem and of Colum Kill's farewel
 to Aran are so strikingly alike, that we must allow them
 at least of equal antiquity, which was the beginning
 or middle of the sixth of the æra of our salvation. See
 Colum Kill's poem in the observations at the conclu-
 sion of this tale.

* Doctor Smith, because *bpujč*, to boil, had a close
 similarity to *bpujč*, the gen. from the nominative *bpuč*
 a bad-

Glenn Mhaían! ón Glenn Mhaían!

áir a chneam, gel a chaían;

do ghníomh coílad corraí,

óí iúber monzác Mhaían.

Glenn Dlícan! ón Glenn Dlícan!

íá hē an Glenn díreé dnuiméan;

noé an b'ualléa íer a aíe,

no mo Náíe an Glenn Dlícan.

Glenn Eícé! uó ón Glenn Eícé!

ann do tógbaí mo céo-tíí;

áluinn a íoí íar n-eííe

buaíle íréíne Glenn Eícé.

Glenn

a badger, translates this passage, "the choice of the chase prepared;" whereas it means what we have given in our translation. Doctor Smith must have been *fastidious* respecting the idea of *badger's flesh* being considered a luxury by a lady of such high rank as Deirdri; but then he should also loath her praise of *hart's-tongue*, &c. The ancients were conversant with Nature; she was their guide and model, and they copied her with all fidelity. Badger was formerly considered a very great

“ Vale of Masan, O! vale of Masan;
 “ High its hart’s-tongue, fair its stalks;
 “ We enjoy’d a rocking sleep
 “ O’er the grassy harbour of Masan.

“ Vale of Urchay, O! vale of Urchay!
 “ It was the *straight* vale of *smooth* ridge;
 “ A man of his age was not more sprightly
 “ Than my Naisi in the vale of Urchay.

“ Vale of Eiti, alas! O vale of Eiti!
 “ In it I raised my first house;
 “ Beauteous its wood;—upon rising,
 “ Delightful resort of the sun is the vale of Eti.

H

“ Vale

great delicacy, and *badger’s ham* is still the delight of many an epicure. The numerous other errors in the translation of doctor Smith may be observed on comparison with ours. The vales here mentioned, are still known by their ancient appellations: Glenurchay gives title to the eldest son of the house of Braidalbain; he is stiled Lord Glenurchay. The word *DÚN* certainly signifies *fort*, *fastness*, *mansion* or *tower*; any place *shut* in, as were all the habitations of our ancient chieftains.

Glenn dá Ruað! ón Glenn dá Ruað!
 mo éion gaé aen fhear dár dual;
 as bhinn gult cuairce ar éraib éruim,
 ar an mbhinn ós Glenn dá Ruað.

Imnuí Droiḡín ós tréin tráḡ;
 imnuí uisce ós ḡaínni ḡlan;
 noéa ttucḡaín aḡde de,
 mun' tticcín leim' imnuíne.

A h-aiḡle na laeide ḡin paicatar go dúin
 bhorraḡ, acaḡ do toirbín borraé teóra
 poḡ, go dḡl acaḡ go dḡéra d' fherḡuḡ con
 a macuḡ acaḡ do Chloínn Uḡneac mun
 aén nu. 2lḡ ann ḡin a dúbairt borraé go
 raḡ ḡleð aḡe an oiréill fherḡuḡ, acaḡ
 gur ḡeḡ do a ḡaḡbaíl no go ccaḡað ḡ.
 O d' éualað fherḡuḡ ḡin, do ḡinnað poḡ-
 nuall corcra de ó a báir go a bonn,
 acaḡ aḡ éð no raḡð, olc do ḡinḡ, a bhor-
 raḡ, ḡleð d' ḡhuraíl oim-ḡa, ocaḡ Con-
 éubair

* A proof of his sincerity, and a dread that if he
 did not accompany the children of Usnach, something
 would be attempted, which must, in his opinion, be
 prevented

“Vale of the two Roes! O vale of the two

“Roes!

“My love each man to whom it is inheritance;

“Sweet is the cuckoo’s note on bending bough,

“On the cliff over the vale of the two Roes.

“Dear is Drayno, of resounding shore;

“Dear its waters over pure sand;

“I would not thence at all come,

“Except I would come with my love.”

After these lays, they reached the mansion of Barach, and Barach impressed kisses thrice repeated, affectionately and eagerly on Fergus, with his sons, and on the children of Usnach, and on Deirdri along with them. And then Barach said that he had a feast prepared for Fergus, and that it was *solemn Injunction* on him not to leave it without partaking of it. When Fergus heard this, he became a reddened crimson bulk from head to foot,* and thus he said: “Ill done it is of you, O! “Barach, to ask me to a feast, and that Conor “exacted

prevented by his presence, which he thinks to supply by the mission of his sons. Barach’s conduct here is full proof of his concert with Conor, in the design of premeditated treachery.

Éubair a h-Éabairt mo bhréir orim-ša, mur
 as tae-ša éiríuinn go h-Éirínn, dá m-baí
 d' airdé no do ló d'ain ag teét a n-oir,
 clann Uínnig do éir go h-Éirínn Mhaí.
 Cuínnisí fíó gheasb tú, ar bopraí, muna
 tige tú do éirínn na fíle. D' fhaínnis
 feríu do Naeí cíd do éirínn leí an
 fíle? do éirínn, ar Déirí, do roí
 agat-ša, mje Uíneí do éirínn no an
 fíle, acaí gur eíra d'uit an fíle úo
 do éirínn, 'ná clann Uíneí do éirínn;
 n' éirínníad sa íad, ar fí, óir cuínnis
 mo díaf íac, íon, Ílann ínn, acaí, buínn
 bopruaí leo go h-Éirínn Mhaí. Dar mo
 bhráir, ar Naeí, n' beí ínn ínn uat, óir
 n' neí eíle do éirínn ínn ínn aít ínn
 fínn; acaí do íluaf ínn don láir, maí-
 le íe íe ínn ínn, acaí do lenaí 2ínn,
 acaí 2ínn, acaí Déirí, acaí díaf íac
 feríu é, acaí do fhaínnis feríu go
 dúbaí

* Deirdri was not an initiate in the school of valour,
 or she would not make such argument. She was,
 however, a quick observer of natural conduct. Nature
 seems to work stronger than mystical initiation with

Naisi

"exacted my solemn word from me, soon as ever
 "I should arrive in Erin, whether I should have
 "night or day, on coming from eastward, to send
 "unto him, to Eman of Macha, the children of
 "Usnach." "I lay you under solemn banns,"
 says Barach, "if you come not to partake of the
 "feast." Fergus asked of Naisi what he would do
 with the feast? "Do thus," says Deirdri, "you
 "have your choice to forsake the children of
 "Usnach or the feast; * while it is more meet to
 "forsake that feast than to forsake the children
 "of Usnach." "I will not forsake them," says
 he, "for I will send my two sons, Illan the fair,
 "and Buini the ruthless red, with them to Eman
 "of Macha." "Upon my word," says Naisi,
 "we think not that little from you, for it is not
 "any other person that defended us ever, but
 "ourselves;" and he moved off from the place
 with great wrath; and Ardan, and Deirdri, and
 the two sons of Fergus followed him, and they
 left Fergus sad and sorrowful after them. How-
 ever

Naisi too, when he departs in sullen dignity, leaving
 Fergus to his vows and injunctions. Human nature was
 alive to feeling formerly as much as now, with all our
 affected refinement.

dúbae dobrónaē d'á n-ē; gíōēd ba deimín
le ferguſ co n-a éloim da n-decādſ oll-
cagſſō Eirenn an áen cōmaſle naē ttrucſad
doſb a ccumaſſe fēſi do ſarúgaō.

Imtuſa maſi-Uſneē do gluaſe daſ nōmpa
an aſgſſra gaēa cōmaſſe, acaſ a dúbaſſe
Deirdre nſi do bēuſm cōmaſle maſt dſb
a élaſm Uſnſg, gíōſ go n-dēntaſ lſb ſ, cſēd
ſ an cōmaſle ſſi a nſgaſm, an Naeſe, a tá,
anſ a dōl go Raēlaſm, ſſi Eſſi acaſ Ulbaſi
acaſ ſhanaſmaſi anſ go ccaſſeō ferguſ
an ſhleō, acaſ aſ cōmaſl bſēſſe d' ferguſ
ſſi, acaſ aſ ſadúgaō ſaeſaſl dſbſe ē. N'ſ
dēnaſ an cōmaſle ſſi, an Naeſe, acaſ an
clann fheſguſ: acaſ do nāſō clann fheſ-
guſ guſ b' olc an muſnſſi do bſ aſſe
aſda ſēſi, naē beſō mſta cōmaſſe do
dēnaſ, gíōſ go m-beſō cōmaſt éloimne Uſnſg
do lámaſb ſi a ſſaraō, acaſ ſoſ bſaſtaſ
fheſguſmaſſeſſi. Uē! aſ maſſg táſſe leſſ
an

* Isle of Rachlin still exists. It cannot be said that it
is a visionary island, or our account of it fabulous, though
we speak of it in a poetic tale, founded on fact. But
any thing, however solemn or serious, asserted in the
history

ever it was a confidence with Fergus and his sons, that if the high provintial states of Eirin would enter into one council, they would not be able to break through their protection particularly.

As to the story of the sons of Usnach, they set forward by the shortness of every way, and Deirdri said unto them, "I would myself give you good advice, although you may not put it in practice." "What advice is that, O! queen?" says Naisi. "It is," says she, "to go to Rachlin,* between Eirin and Alba, and to abide there until Fergus partake of the feast; this will be a fulfilling of his word for Fergus, and it will be a prolonging of life for you." "We will not practice that advice," says Naisi. And the children of Fergus said, that bad was her confidence in themselves, as if they would not be able to give protection, even though as good hands as the children of Usnach were not of their side, and having still more the plighted faith of Fergus with them. "Alas! luck-

less history of our native island, must be ridiculously visionary—God help us! and yet, unfortunately, we are the oldest literary people in Europe.—We will prove the fact very shortly.

an m-brējtjn sijn fhergusa, an Dējndre, acas
 zur tpejz sijn ajr xhleo, acas do mne an
 laejō ann:

Maiz čānc a n-ojn zjō, djl,

Re bmačar mje Rōjz nō mjr;

Noč a n-dēnfa ačt očan de,

Uč! k nō črād nem' črojde.

Mo črojde 'na čaejb cūmajō

Ta nočt, mo mōr pūdajr!

Mo nuar, a maca majte,

Thancator būr tjuglajte.

Na h-abajr, sijn, a Dhejndre djan,

2l ben k ajlne nā an gjan;

Nj tjugxat fergus anajr,

Cugajne čum ar mjllajō.

* *And that, i.e. when.* I have left the reader to his own judgment in many idiomatic phraseologies, but there is one which many may think *tautology*, when in our language it is emphatic expression—such are the phrases “spoke and said;” and after giving the speech, expressing, “says he,” which is quite correct in our language, equivalent to what in others is expressed by “so he spoke.” ὡς ἔφαρ. *Sic dixit, &c.*

“less (*woeful*) it is to have come with that plighted
 “faith of Fergus!” says Deirdri, “*and that he**
 “has forsaken us for a feast;” and she then
 delivered this lay:

Deirdri. “’Tis woeful to have come from east-
 “ward, however dear,
 “Upon the faith of the very *unsteady*† son of Roy;
 “I will not utter but lamentation on its account.
 “Alas! it is excessive anguish to my heart!”

“My heart—a lobe of grief
 “Is to night, my great sorrow:
 “Ah! my woe, my noble youths,
 “The fulness of your days hath arrived.”

Naisi. “Say not so, O! Deirdri severe;
 “O! woman, more *beauteous* than the sun:‡
 “Fergus would not eastward come
 “To us, for our destruction.”

I

Deirdri.

† The original word may also signify *very active,*
very energetic, very powerful, very vigorous, &c.

‡ Mr. M’Pherson has this expression, like every
 other fine expression that is peculiar here, or any where
 else, in our compositions. An omission of expressions

of

Fa naen, aq xada lhom dush,
 Al maca aille Uhmig,
 Teet o Albain an fheoir gairg,
 Fada bua buan a bictmaig.

Al h-aile na laeide fm tancatan nompa,
 go ynn-ean na xonape aq shlab xuaio,
 acaq do fhan Deirdre d'a n-eh h an n-glenn,
 acaq no tuit a codlad uirre ann, acaq no
 aig

of original beauty, should not be expected from Mr. M'Pherson. He is greatly judicious in Selection and Rejection. He selects beauties well, and with equal taste he rejects what may appear to modern taste exuberant, and abundantly supplies the deficiency by inventions of his own.

*The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
 by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Deirdri. From east, how woeful to depart!
 The thought with anguish wrings my heart:
 Though true the son of Roy may be,
 To hold his plighted word to thee.

O! ne'er shall sorrow leave my breast,—
 No night shall give me soothing rest:
 Alas! brave youths, with grief I say,
 You rash approach your gloomy day!

Naisi.

Deirdri. “Woe, and alas! I deem it too far for
 you,
 “O, darling sons of Usnach!
 “To have come from Alba of the rank grass;
 “Long shall last its live-long woe!

After this lay, they came on to Fincarn* watch-
 tower, on the mountain of Fuad; and Deirdri loi-
 tered after them in the vale, and her sleep fell upon
 her

Naisi. Nymph, brighter than the sun's bright beam,
 Why thus severe, in woe you seem?
 Fergus would ne'er from westward come,
 Basely to lure us to our doom.

Deirdri. Oh! Usna's sons, of graceful mien,
 'Tis sad to leave fair Alba green!—
 'Tis lasting—never-ending woe
 From Alba's flow'ry plains to go!

* Dr. Smith would have called this *Fingal's heap*, ha!
 ha! as he called *Dunfin, Fingal's Tower*. Gracious
 God! we never had a *Fingal*! and Fin, the son of
 Cumhal, so denominated, lived not for near three cen-
 turies after the transactions here detailed. Fuad moun-
 tain still bears the name in the county of Antrim. Finn
 (Finn) in the Irish language, signifies *fair*, literally;
just, figuratively; also ancient, romantic, as Finn-
 an

ainnis N'aeke Dēnōne ian na fāgbāil d'a
 n-ēis, acaſ ro fhll tar a af mun a naib
 Dēnōne aſ einis aſ a codlað, acaſ do
 fhiafhiað d), cpeð f' an fhanuſ a nīſain?
 codlað do bī oim, an Dēnōne, acaſ do
 éonairc aſling ann. Cpēð í an aſling ſin,
 an N'aeke? a tā, an ſí, ſan a éenn aſ
 Iollann fhinn, acaſ a éenn aſ bhunne boib
 ruad, acaſ ſan congnaim bhunne boib ruad
 nībſ, acaſ congnaim Iollainn fhinn nīb, acaſ
 do nne an laeð:

Tpuag an tairbſ tarfaſ dām,
 2l éetnar fheza fhinn-ſlan,
 ſan cenn uad aſ éetnar dē,
 'S ſan congnaim ſin ne éēle.

N'oe

an ancient romantic story, &c. We have many places in
 Ireland, denominated *Suidē fhinn*, ſignifying *Finn's*
watch-tower. It may alſo ſignify the *ſpeculative ſeat of a*
man of chase; ſo that it is not always reſtricted to
 Finn M'Cumhal.

* This indicates the retinue to have been numerous.
 Every one knows that dreams and credited viſions were
 in vogue with the ancients;—many an elegant poem
 have they embellished in our language.

her there; and Naisi perceived that Deirdri was left behind them;* and he returned backward where Deirdri was rising out of her sleep, and he asked of her: "Why didst thou tarry, princess?" says he. "A sleep that was upon me," says Deirdri, "and I saw a dream in it." "What was that dream?" says Naisi. "It is," says she, "his head not on Illan the fair, and his head on Buini the ruthless red; and the assistance of Buini the ruthless red not with you, and the assistance of Illan the fair with you." And she composed the lay:

Deirdri. "Sad is the vision that hath appeared
 "in a dream to me,
 "O! four† stately, fair, bright youths!
 "His head not on one of you in it,
 "And not the assistance of a man with *another*."

† The three sons of Usnach, and Fergus's faithful son, Illan the fair. How dramatic this introduction to the treachery of Buno, *the ruthless red*, according to the conceived opinions of ancient time, than which, I presume, the more studied contrivances of modern art, are not more judicious, delicate, or interesting.

Noé a ccan do bél aét olc,
 2l aintyn álainn é docht,
 Ném do ghríe beoib tana tall,
 2lín gallaib aingid uatmar.

Do b' che-ann lhom olc gaé duine,
 Do náid Déiríne gan duibé,
 No buir n-olc-a 'a tgríe mjin,
 Le' n-ígras muir a' mór-tgríe.

Do éirí a éinn a' bhuiúne,
 O'í fē a íaeğal n uille,
 2l éinn a' bhuiúne boib ruad,
 Noé a lhom-a a nocht náe tgruağ.

2l h-ajle

*The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
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Deirdri. O! hear my visionary tale!—

I saw your bodies breathless—pale;
 Extended headless on the ground,
 And none to offer aid around!

Naisi. Fair virgin, of resplendent mien,

By thee, but evils, nought is seen:
 May from thy ruby lips what flows
 Of vengeance fall upon our foes.

Deirdri.

Naisi. “Thy mouth *pronounceth* not but evil,
 “Thou damsel, beauteous, incomparable!
 “The vengeance of thy ruby delicate lips
 “Fall on the furious—hateful foreigners.”

Deirdri. “I would prefer the misfortune of
 “every one,”

Says Deirdri, “without dark design,
 “Before your misfortune, O! gentle three,
 “With whom I traversed sea and much land!”

“I see his head on Buini,
 “Since it is his life that is longer;—
 “His head on Buini the ruthless red;
 “It is not with me to-night, that it is not *plenitude* of
 “sorrow.”

After

Deirdri. Then, said the dame, I'd better know,
 That half mankind were sunk in woe;
 Than you, renoun'd and generous three,
 With whom I've travell'd land and sea.

I saw his head on Buno sole,—
 His life secure—his body whole;—
 On Buno sole, the ruthless red,
 With sorrow, I beheld his head!

2l h-ajtle na laje-de sijn tancatar nōmpa
 go h-2lndasillec, aq ann sijn a dubairt Dējn-
 dre, do ējm nēull 's an aēr acaq n nēull
 xola ē, acaq dobēraji cōmaisle maic dōbq, a
 ēlann Uqm̃g, an s̃j. Crēd j an ēmaisle sijn,
 an Naeqe? Dul go dun Delzaji mur aqx̃l
 Cúculajni, nō go ccaicd ferguq an xhleō,
 acaq beic aji ēumaicce Chonculajni aji
 epla ceicce Choncobair. O nāc x̃x̃l epla
 orujni, ñj denam an Chomaisle sijn, an
 Naeq, acaq do r̃jne Dējndre an laicd go
 s̃jor:

2l, Naeqe! feuca an nēl
 Do ēju sunna 's an aēr!
 Do ējusa d̃f Emaji uat̃ne
 xuan-nēl xola xon-puajde.

Shabaq b̃jot̃gaō t̃re 's an nēl
 Do ēju sunna 's an aēr;
 Samalta re crú xola,
 2ln nēl uat̃mar jm̃ona.

Do

* Called *Ardmacha*, i. e. the height of *Macha*, in
 latter times.

† This is the very thing that suggested the idea of
 the address to the moon, to Mr. M'Pherson, as Deirdri's
 choice

After this lay they came on to Ardsallech,* (the height of Willows,) and then Deirdri said to Naisi, “I see a cloud in the sky,† and it is a cloud of blood; and I would give you good advice, O, children of Usnach!” “What advice is that?” says Naisi. “To go to Dundalgan where Cuchullan is, ’till Fergus partake of the feast, and to be under the safe-guard of Cuchullan, for fear of the treachery of Connor.” “Since fear is not upon us, we will not practise that advice,” says Naisi. And Deirdri raised the strain:

Deirdri. “O, Naisi! view the cloud
 “That I here see in the sky!
 “I see over Eman green
 “A chilling cloud of blood tinged red.”

“I have caught alarm from the cloud
 “I see here in the sky;
 “It is like a gore of blood,
 “The cloud terrific—very thin.”

K

“I give

choice in the preliminary story suggested the expression of “his hair like the raven’s wing.”

Do beirrim cómaire beét,
 Do macaib áilne Uíneé;
 San dol go h-Éirí a noét,
 Tré a fírl óraib do gúasaét.

Raéamíó-ne go dun Deirgan
 Mur a fírl Cú na cceirdéa;
 Túcram a máraé a n-deí,
 Mur aén 's an Chú éomídeí.

Al dúbairt Naeíse tré fheirg
 Le Déirdre gasta gúad-deirg,
 O náé fírl eíla oírne,
 Ní dénam an cómaire.

Do b' annam fírlíam roíne,
 Al ua raémar Rúdoraíde,
 San ar m-beit aín aén scél de,
 Míe n tuísa, a Naeíse!

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* The Irish File forgot his plan, as it would appear to modern criticism; but in fact the poetic reciter speaks in his own character occasionally, least the audience should forget that he was repeating composition. This is

" I give an advice of wisdom,
 " To you, O! darling sons of Usnach;
 " Not to go to Eman this night,
 " For all the trouble that is on you."

" We will go to Dundalgan,
 " Where the hero of arts resides;
 " We will come to-morrow from the southward,
 " Together with the hero most expert."

Naisi* said, through wrath,
 To Deirdri, wise, of blooming countenance,
 " Since fear rests not upon us,
 " We will not practise the advice."

" Seldom were we ever before,
 " Thou accomplished grandson of Rory,
 " Without our being of one accord on every
 " occasion,
 " I and you, O, Naisi!"

" On

is not according to the approved rules of Greek and Latin drama, but it is a peculiar and appropriate usage of the Irish.

2lī lā tuz Mananān cuac,
 Chuḡamḡa zo nač nōbuat,
 N'j beṣṭa ḡa um' aḡaṣṭo de,
 2l dēḡm leat, a Naise!

2l h-aṣṭle

* Mananan the son of *Lear*, the wide-spread extensiveness, usually written in the genetive case, LIR, the figurative name of the SEA. Mana was the old name of the ISLE of MAN. The character, here mentioned, was a famed CARTHAGINIAN merchant, who made this island his great depot: his real name is obscured in the glare of *enchanted* and *fabulous story* diffused around it, and he is called by the tale writers of old, Mananān, mac līn, Sṡṭe na ccruac, “the man of MANAN, the son of the sea, the super-human being of the Headlands.” Sṡṭ ḡaṣṭe, is a blast of wind; but Sṡṭe ḡaeṣṭe is a super-human or spiritual being of the wind; this is the original of Mr. M'Pherson's spirit of the wind. Sluaḡ Sṡṭe, the fairy host; beṣ Sṡṭe, a fairy nymph in old Irish mythology. Mac līn ōn accēṡn, or Mac līn ṭāṡmḡ accēṡn, is the son of extensiveness from the ocean, or the son of extensiveness who came from afar. 2lccēṡn, from afar, is derived from a, from, and cṡan, far, in space or time. This is the real root of the Greek Ωκεανός. Our ancestors were much taken with the marvellous, and any thing brought by the son of the sea was considered miraculous.

† Deirdri's sentiment here alludes to her and Naisi's first acquaintance. Every classical reader will recollect, on reading

“ On the day that Mananan* brought the cup
 “ To me, with powerful property,
 “ You would not be against me then,
 “ I say unto you, O, Naisi!”†

After

reading this, Jupiter and Juno's intercourse and conversation on Ida ; but in ancient Irish compositions there is nothing borrowed. Nature is the model, and modesty is veiled in the garb of enchantment.

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Deirdri. O, Naisi ! hither turn thine eye,
 And view yon cloud upon the sky !—
 Direct above Emania green,
 A cloud of blood is dreadful seen !

The awful sight my soul alarms,—
 A certain sign of pending harms !
 The border's of a bloody hue !——
 So thin that I can see it through !

O, Usnach's sons ! of matchless might,
 Go not to Eman's walls to-night ;—
 O let my well-judg'd word prevail !
 With rest, your weary limbs regale.

We'll

2l h-ajtle na laejde sijn gluaifedap nómra
 zo h-Emajh Mhaéa. 2l élaun Ughnig, aij
 Déirdre, a tá cómartha aghamra dóbhe, má
 tá Concobar aij tó felle do dénam opab.
 Cá cómartha sijn, an Naehe? Má léigter
 sibh san tíg a ffil Concobar, acaí Maíe
 Ulaó, nó ffil Concobar aij tó felle do
 dénam opab, acaí má 's a tóig na Craeibe-
 nuajde cuirfidter sibh, atá se aij tó felle do
 dénam opab zo deijn. Rancatar ian sijn
 zo h-Emajh Maéa, acaí do bairfedap béim
 basépojnn 's an doras, acaí do fhreagair
 an

We'll to Dundalgan turn our course,
 Where lives the chief of conq'ring force :
 When day—from south we'll press the plain,
 With great Cuchullan in our train.

Naisi. Then, Naisi said, with angry air,
 To Deirdri, wise and Heav'nly fair,
 Our souls are not depress'd with fear,—
 We'll give to the advice no ear.

Deirdri. Thou fam'd descent from Rory's line,
 Ere this, your will was always mine ;—
 Naisi, before, obey'd my word,—
 Before, we were of one accord :

When

After this lay they moved forward to Eman of Macha. “O, children of Usnach!” says Deirdri, “I have a signal for you, if Conor is on design to commit treachery on you.” “What signal is that?” says Naisi. “If you be let into the mansion in which are Conor and the nobles of Ulster, Conor is not on design to commit treachery on you; and if it be to the mansion of the Red Branch* you shall be sent, he is on design to commit treachery on you for a certainty. They arrived after this at Eman of Macha, and they struck a loud stroke of the *band-wood*† at the

When Mananan the goblet brought,
And made me drink the pow’rful draught;—
When Naisi first receiv’d my hand,—
He would not then my will withstand.

* This was the college of ancient honor and valour; an order of knighthood, in Ulster, long before any account of like institution can be traced elsewhere. The sons of Usnach were of this order; but as the king was sovereign, he must have the members with him at any grand entertainment; and an exclusion of these youths, on this occasion, must be to prevent revival of affection with their fellows, and forward the designs of treachery.

† *Hand-wood*, means the rapper.

an dōmfeoir mje Uisnig, acas do fha-
 raiḡ cia do bʲ fān dōraḡ. Do h-inneḡ
 do gur ab iad mje Uisnig, acas Dēirne,
 acas dā mac fhergus do bʲ ann. Soineḡ
 Concobar a luēt fēime acas fnechtē
 ēuḡe, acas fhafraiḡiaḡ dʲob, cinnus do bʲ
 teē na Craeibē-puaḡde fā bʲad, no fā dʲig.
 Al dūbradarḡan dā tḡgeḡ fēēt ccaḡa Ulaḡ
 ann, go ffaḡdʲis uḡe a fāit ann. Na 's ēḡ,
 an Concobar, beirḡḡ mje Uisnig lʲbʲ inntē.

Is ann fʲin do rāḡḡ Dēirne, do bʲ fhearr
 ma éomairle fʲi do dēnam fā zan teēt
 go h-ēmaiḡ, acas gur ba mʲmteēta dʲob
 eḡde an tan fʲin fēin. Nʲ dēnam, an Iollan
 fʲin, oḡ nʲ metāēt nā mʲlaeēāēt do fʲinna
 oruine niam, acas raēam don Craeibē-
 puaḡde. Do ḡluafedār nōmpa go teē na
 Craeibē-

† This shows how cautious Connor was to give offence in the first instance. He pretends, but it was malignant pretence, to be anxious for the commodious reception of the sons of Usnach; but it was only to mature his certain vengeance. The youths themselves, at length, seem

the door. The door-keeper answered the sons of Usnach, and asked who was at the door? It was told him that they were the three sons of Usnach and Deirdri, and the two sons of Fergus, that were there. Conor calls his attendants and servants unto him, and asks of them how the house of the Red Branch was circumstanced as to food and as to drink? They said, that if the seven battalions of Ulad would come there they would find their full satiety of food and drink. "If so, "then," says Conor, "take the sons of Usnach with you into it."†

Then Deirdri said, "it were better take my "counsel not to come to Eman;" and *added*, that it was meet for them to leave it then itself. "We "will not do so," says Illan the fair, "for it is "not cowardice or unmanliness that has been ever "known of us, and we will go to the Red Branch."

They moved on to the house of the Red Branch,
L and

seem to know this, by refusing refreshment; which Naisi, however, affects to conceal or dissipate by playing at chess with his idol. The very grand, dignified and disinterested affection and resolution maintained here, is seldom pictured elsewhere. This is the moral of the story.

Chrae-be-nuasde, acaſ da cuireð luét ſneſ-
 taſl acaſ ſneſteolte leo ann: acaſ do
 daſleð blaða ſaena, ſocafme, acaſ deoča
 meſa, meſcemla dōſb, gur bo ſubač ſom-
 enmač jað uſle, ačt me Uſmſ acaſ
 Deſndre amān; ōn nſn čaſcedan mōrān
 bſde no dſge ō meſd a n-aſtſn, acaſ a
 n-mtečta ō dūn boſpaſg go h-e-mān ſhača.

2ſ an ſn a dūbaſt. Naeſe, tabraſð
 an čēn čaēm čugaſn go n-dečamſ d'mſt.
 Tuſað an čēn čaēm čuſta acaſ do bādan
 aſ mſt.

2ſ an ſn d'ſaſpaſg Cončoban, ča do
 ſebāſn d'fhoſ an maſnen a deſlb nō a
 deſnam ſēn aſn Dheſndre, ōn ma maſnen
 nſ ſſl 'ſ an doſman ben aſ ālle 'nā ſ?

Račad ſēn ann, an lebaſčam, acaſ
 bēpað na ſčēla ſn čugaðſa, acaſ n
 amlaſð do bſ ſſ, ba h-aſa lē Naeſe nō
 neč

*The nobles were not yet brought into Conor's
 schemes, although he must have been dissemblingly
 sounding their dispositions. But then he was paramouut
 sovereign,

and folk of service and attendance were sent thither with them. And generous and alluring viands, and sprightly exhilarating drinks were supplied unto them, until they were all satisfied and cheerful, but the sons of Usnach and Deirdri alone ; for they partook not of much food or drink from the greatness of their journey, and of their moving from the mansion of Barach to Eman of Macha.

And then Naisi said, “ bring the polished cabinet “ unto us that we may go play.”—The *polished cabinet*, was brought unto them, and they were playing.

And then Conor asked, “ whom should I find,” says he, “ to know if her own form and shape live “ upon Deirdri? for if her own form live upon her, “ there is not in the world a woman more beautiful “ than she.”

“ I myself will go there,” says Lavarcam, “ and “ I will bring these tidings unto you.”* And so disposed was she, that dearer to her was Naisi than

sovereign, and his will must be obeyed ; however, he was soothed until his rage rose to its utmost height. The composer shews a capital knowledge of human nature, in his management, throughout this historic tale.

neé esle 's an doman, óir ba mhe lé dul,
 aih xed an domaii d'iairioð Naehe, acas
 ag brejt scéla éurce, acas uaid; táine
 Lebarcam noime go h-aiim a raib Naehe
 acas Déirde, acas as amlaid do xuaii
 iad, acas an éini éaém etarra, acas iad
 ag imit uirre, acas do toirbhir do pógaib
 go dhl acas go d'éra iad; acas adúbairt,
 n'í maí do éiní sibí, an n'í do as meá le
 Concubar do ruzað uaid niam, aét Déir-
 de amáin, do bejt ag a h-imit aguib san
 am sa: acas as d' xhí an maíren a deilb

no

* All things belonging to a great personage of old, had a peculiar descriptive name. Conor's armour is specifically named hereafter. Mr. M'Pherson, and his associates of the *faction of imposition*, name the standard of Finn Mac Cumhail, *Éile Éreine*, literally *brilliance or splendour of sun*, which, however, they translate *sun-beam*. They even affect to bring the expression into their injudicious, unmetrical jargon thus:

Do tógamair Éile Éreine le crann.

This they translate, "we raised the sun-beam." In this line there are ten syllables, three syllables more than are admissible in any line of our old QUARTANS, which QUARTANS Mr. M'Pherson affects to translate; as they include

than any other person in the world ; for it was frequent with her to go abroad to seek Naisi, and to bring tidings unto him, and from him. Lavar-cam proceeded forward to the place where Naisi and Deirdri were, and she found them with the *polished cabinet** between them, and they playing upon it ; and she gifted them with kisses affectionately and eagerly, and said : “ Not well do
 “ you do to have playing upon it at this time, the
 “ thing which Conor thinks worst of having been
 “ taken from him, except Deirdri alone ; and it
 “ is to know if her own form and shape live upon
 “ Deirdri,

include determined meanings within every line, *generally* ; but within every stanza, *certainly*. There is nothing in English so closely expressive of our regular ode, (in which most of the poems attributed to Oisín are written,) as Gray’s “Triumphs of Owen.” The above line respecting the standard, runs thus in a *seven syllable quartan* of *correct genuine IRISH* :

Thozam gal gneine le crann.

We raised the SUN-BURST to the staff.

Gal, signifies a *vapour* ; also, when with gnan, *the sun*, that sort of sun-shine that bursts through the interstices of the clouds, illuminating partial spots in cloudy weather. This gives a fine idea of Finn’s bright standard.

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 no a dēnam fejn aɲ Dhēɲɔne do cuɲeð
 mɲe an ɣo, acaɣ aɣ tɲuaɣ ɲomɣa an
 ɣɲɲɲ do dēntaɲ a noɕt an Eɲaɲ, ɲoɲ
 ɣell acaɣ ɣɲɣal do dēnam ɲɲte, ɲoɲ
 tɲɣ coɲɲle ɣaɲɣeð na n-ɣaɕɔal do ɕɲ
 ɕum bāɲ, acaɣ nɣ bɣaɲ Eɲaɲ nɣ ɣeɲɲ ɣo
 bɲɲɲe an bɲāɕa, acaɣ do ɲɲe an laɕɲ
 ɣo tɲuaɣ tɲɲɣeac:

Tɲuaɣ ɲem' ɕɲoɲde an mebaɲ,
 Dēntaɲ a noɕt an Eɲaɲ,
 O 'n mebaɲ meblaɕ amaɕ,
 buð hɣ an Eɲaɲ ɲɣalaɕ.

Tɲaɲ aɣ uaɣɣe a ɲu ɣo ɲɲɲ,
 'S aɣ ɣeɲɲ dāɲ ɕāɔaɲ talɲɲɲ,
 Doɲɣe ɲomɣa a noɕt mɲɲ tā,
 ɲ tɲɲɲɲ a loɕt aen ɲɲā.

Naeɣe acaɣ ɲɲɲle ɣo m-blaɲð,
 ɲcaɣ ɲɲɔān a m-bɲāɕaɲ,

ɣell

* This alludes to the fact in history of the destruction
 of Eman, in consequence of the death of the sons of
 Usnach.

“ Deirdri, that I have been sent here; and sor-
 “ rowful to me is the deed that is to be done
 “ this night in Eman, that is, that treachery and
 “ assassination shall be perpetrated in it; that is,
 “ that the three luminaries of valour, of the Gaeils,
 “ will be put to death, and Eman will not be
 “ better to the brink of eternity.”* And she
 raised the sorrowfully-lamentable strain:

“ Sorrowful to my heart, the treachery
 “ That is perpetrated this night in Eman;
 “ From the treachery, deceitful forth,
 “ It will be the Eman contentious.”

“ Three the most noble, this day, under
 “ Heaven,
 “ And the most excellent of all *for whom the*
 “ *earth hath yielded*;
 “ Grievous to me this night is
 “ Their fall for the indiscretion of any woman.”

“ Naisi and Ainle renowned,
 “ And Ardan their brother;

“ Treachery

Usnach. It is the poet's prophecy after the fact,
 neatly and judiciously introduced,

fell aſſ an dſeſm n-dſeč-ğloſm nuađ,
 Nočea ljomſa nač lán tpuag.

2l h-aſtle na laeſđe ſſn, a dúbajſt le-
 baſčam ſe macaſb Uſſmğ acaſ ſe cloſm
 fheſguſ dōſſſ acaſ ſuſmneđgá tğſe na
 eſaeſbe puajđe do đpuđeđ go maſč, acaſ
 calmačt, acaſ eſđđačt do đēnam; acaſ,
 a člann fheſguſ, coſnağ buſ ceumaſſce
 go ſeſſđa go tğğ ſeſguſ: acaſ beſſđ
 buađ, acaſ beſnačtaſm dā čſm; acaſ do
 čaeſ ſſaſa đjana đēſ, acaſ čāſſe ſēſmſ
 muſ a ſaſb Cončúbaſ, acaſ d'ſhaſſağ
 Cončúbaſ ſčēla Dheſſđſe đ, aſ ann ſſn
 a dúbajſt lebaſčam ačāđ ſčēla maſče,
 acaſ đſoč ſčēla ađam đuſt, eſēđ na ſčēla
 ſſn, an Cončúbaſ? 2l tā, an ſſ, tſſ me
 Uſſmğ

*The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
 by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Treach'ry gives the deadly blow
 To night, and fills my soul with woe!
 For which dire act, it is decreed,
 That Eman will in future bleed.

The

“ Treachery on this bright-visaged youthful
 “ group,

“ It is not to me, that it is not, plenitude of
 “ sorrow.”

After this lay, Levarcam desired the sons of Usnach and the children of Fergus to close well the doors and windows of the house of the Red Branch, and to exert valour and resolution; “and
 “ children of Fergus,” said she, “defend your
 “ charge manfully until Fergus come, and thence
 “ derive success and blessing.” And she much-affected, shed quick-trickling showers of tears, and came on where Conor was; and Conor asked of her the tidings of Deirdri? And then Levarcam said, “I have good tidings and bad tidings
 “ for you.” What tiding is that? said Conor.

M

“ It

The noblest three beneath the sky,
 Nor braver earth sustain'd—must die!
 By one rash woman's heedless thought,
 Alas! to quick destruction brought.

Naiis, Ainli—Aradan's might,
 Three youthful chiefs, renown'd in fight!
 Their blood, to-night, in Eman flows,
 And whelms me in a tide of woes!

Uímhí do téaéit éugadfa an fúto, iúon,
 an tríar as fírrda, acas as cróda, acas
 as fírr deilb acas dénam, imoll acas
 éccofc 's an doman, acas fós baid éire
 agabfi físta, ó táto mje Uímhí líb; acas
 as iad scéla as mefa agam, iúon, an ben
 do b' fírr deilb acas dénam, cruí acas
 éccofc do mnaib an domain ag imteét ó
 Émain di, gan a cruí nó a deilb fíin
 uírrte.

Mar do éuala Concúbair fíin, do éuaid
 móran dá éud aín ccúl, acas do bí ag
 ól acas ag aibneí tréimíí fíada, no gur
 fíuain aín Dhéiríre an dara fíet. Dá
 éí fíin go h-aitéir d'fíafraíí Concúbair,
 cía do gébuínn do bérat scélató Dhéiríre
 éugam? acas n' fíuain aén duíne do rácató
 aín; do ráó Concúbair le Tréiríre, an
 fíedain

* The *pia fraus*, i.e. the honest art of Levarcam
 here practised on royal Conor, now old and versed
 in life, though having a temporary, ought not to
 be supposed capable of having a permanent effect,
 particularly on the most artful, learned, and experi-
 enced man of his time; now fired by disappointed
 lust, and therefore the most furious jealousy. The
 melancholy effects of such sentiments and principles
 are disastrous for ages.

“It is,” said she, “that the three sons of Usnach
 “have come to you there; namely, three the most
 “manful and valiant, and possessed of the most
 “excellent visage and shape, energy and form in
 “the world; and, moreover, you will henceforth
 “sway Eirin, as the sons of Usnach are with you.*
 “And they are the worst tidings I have, namely,
 “that the woman of the most excellent visage
 “and shape, at her departure from Eman, is
 “bereft of her own colour and countenance.”

When Conor heard this, much of his jealousy
 abated, and he continued to indulge in feasting†
 and enjoyment along while, until he thought of
 Deirdri a second time. Shortly after this, Conor
 asked, “whom would I find to bring the tidings of
 “Deirdri to me?” And he found not an indi-
 vidual that would go thither.‡ Conor said unto
 Trendorn

† Ol, literally, signifies DRINKING, but is often set
 down for the miscellaneous enjoyment of a feast.

‡ His wrath was expected to be exhausted by delay
 and dissipation, and the children of Usnach had all
 his court well affected towards them. But against a
 tyrant's mandate, nothing will prevail in favour of
 honesty.

ԿԿԵՃԱՅՐ ԵՅԱ ԾՈ ՄԱՐԾ ԷՆՇԱՅՐ, ԱԵՏ ԾՈ
 ԷՄՅԱՐ ԵՆԾՐԱՇԱՐ? ՉԼ ԵՂԱ Ե ԲԻՄ ՄԻՆ ԱԶԱՄԿԱ,
 ԱՐ. ԵՐԵՆԾՈՐԻ, ԶԱՐ ԱԲ Է ՆՊԵՄԻ ՄԱՍ ԱՄՆԻՃ
 ԾՈ ՄԱՐԾ ԵՂՈ. ՊԱ Մ' ԷԾ, ԱՐ ԿՈՆԵՍԱՐ,
 ԶԼԱՄ ՌՈՄԱԾ Ծ' ԿԻՄ ԱՆ ՄԱՅՄՈՆԻ Ա ԵՂԼԵ
 ԿԵՄ ԱՐ ԶԵՄՐՈՐԵ; ՕՐ ՄԱ ՄԱՅՄՈՆԻ, ՆՅ
 ԿԿԼ ԱՐ ԾՐԱՄ ԾՈՄԱՅՐ, ՆԱ ԱՐ ԵՄՆ ԵԱԼՄԱՆ
 ԵՆ ԱՄ ԱՅԼԼԵ 'ՆԱ Յ.

ԾՈ ԶԼԱՄ ԵՐԵՆԾՈՐԻ ԶՈ ԵԷ ՆԱ ԵՐԱԵԼԵ
 ՐԱՅԾԵ, ԱԵՏ ԿԱՅՐ ԾՈՄՄԻ ԱԵՏ ԿԱՄՆԵՐՃԱ
 ՆԱ ԵՐԱՅՆԵ ԵՐ ՆԱ Ն-ԾՈՒՆԱԾ, ԱԵՏ ՌՈ ԶԱԲ
 ԵՂԱ ԱԵՏ ԱՄԱՅՐ ՄՈՐ Է, ԱԵՏ ԱՄ ԷԾ ՌՈ
 ՊԱԾ: ՆՅ ԿՈՆԱՅՐ ԷՕՐ Ծ' ԱԵՆ ՆԵՇ ՄԵ ԱՄ-
 ՆԻՃ Ծ' ԵՄՄԱՅԾ, ՕՐ ՄԵՄՄ ԶՈ ԿԿԼ ԿԵՐՃ
 ԿՈ ԵՄԱՐԿԱՇ ՕՐԱ, ԱԵՏ ԾԱ ԷՄ ՄԻ ՐԱՅՐ
 ԿԱՄՆԵՐՃ

* The historic tract subjoined, will tell a different story, but STORY and TALE are very different. The means of exciting enmity here, is like that of the moderns; treacherous private incitement of enmity. If the sons of Usnach, (in battle,) might have taken off the father and sons of Trendorn, that should not, or could not be a cause of enmity; except that any cause of injury will be remembered for ages. They may think it right to take vengeance for the loss of a parent in infancy, that subjected their growth to slavery.

Trendorn,* “knowest thou who slew thy father
 “and thy three brothers?” “The knowledge of
 “that I possess,” said Trendorn, “that it is
 “Naisi, the son of Usnach, who slew them.”
 “Therefore,” said Conor, “go thy way to know
 “if her own countenance live upon Deirdri? for
 “if her own visage live upon her, there is not on
 “the ridge of the world, or on the extent of the
 “earth, a woman that is more handsome than
 “she.”

Trendorn went to the house of the Red Branch,
 and found the doors and windows of the mansion
 shut, and great fear and terroure seized upon him;
 and thus he said: “It is not a proper path for any
 “individual to approach the sons of Usnach, for
 “I judge that wrath is abundantly upon them.”†
 And after that he found a window that was left
 open

† All the *underlings* of a tyrant know either wholly
 or in part his determination. This underling seems
 to speak from knowledge. He appears a nasty tool
 of mean determinate cruelty. A spy of the meanest
 kind, that would not encounter any thing but distant
 danger; while honour is incapable of being corrupted,
 and would refuse no danger.

ʃuʃuineóʒ do ʃágbad oʃluječe a n-deapmat
 aʃʃ an m-bruʃʒʃn, acaʃ do bʃ aʒ á n-amaʃe
 aʃteč, acaʃ do ʃhēuē Dēʃʃʃʃʃʃ aʃʃ, tʃēʃ
 an ʃʃuʃuineóʒ, acaʃ do ʃʃʃʃ Dēʃʃʃʃʃʃ do
 Naeʃe ʒo ʃʃaca aen óglac aʒ amaʃe
 oʃʃʃʃʃʃ tʃēʃ an ʃʃuʃuineóʒ; acaʃ ʃʃ amlaʃʃ
 do bʃ Naeʃe an tan ʃʃʃ, acaʃ ʃeʃ-ʃóʃʃʃe
 d' ʃhuʃʃʃʃ na ʃʃčʃʃʃʃe ann a laʃʃ, acaʃ
 tuʒ upéaʃ áʒmaʃ, ʒan čaʃʃe, ʒan claeʃʃe
 aʃʃ ʃúʃʃ an óglac, ʒʃʃ čʃʃʃ an t-ʃúʃʃ tan
 a čʃʃʃʃʃʃ amač. Do luʃʃ an t-óglac
 muʃ a paʃʃ Cončúbaʃ, acaʃ do ʃʃʃʃ ʃčēla
 ó čúʃʃ ʒo deʃʃeʃʃ do.

ʒʃʃ ʃʃʃ ʃʃʃ, aʃ Cončúbaʃ, ba ʃʃʃ aʃʃ
 an toman ʃeʃ an upéaʃʃ ʃʃʃ, muna ʃʃʃʃ
 ʃaeʒal ʒaʃʃʃʃ aʃʃʃ. Čʃēʃʃ ʃʃ an deʃʃʃ a tá
 aʃʃ Dēʃʃʃʃʃʃ? aʃʃ Cončúbaʃ. ʒʃ tá, aʃ
 Čʃeʃʃʃʃʃ nač ʃʃʃʃ 'ʃʃ an toman beʃ aʃ
 ʃeʃʃʃ deʃʃʃ, acaʃ dēnaʃʃ 'na ʃ. ʃʃaʃ do
 čuala

* Conor was a sovereign of much power and great
 genius, and was therefore jealous, doubly jealous of
 the heroic informed youths, the sons of Usnach.
 CONOR MAC NESSA was the best informed of ancient
 Irish princes, CORMAC MAC ART only excepted. But
 the latter lived centuries after the former.

open through forgetfulness on the mansion, and he was viewing them inwards ; and Deirdri looked at him through the window ; and Deirdri told unto Naisi, that she saw some fellow viewing them through the window ; and so was Naisi at that time, and a man of the set of the chess with him in his hand, and he made a fortunate throw, without curve or aberration thereof, at the eye of the fellow, so that he drove his eye out of his head. The fellow went whither Conor was, and detailed the tidings from beginning to end unto him.

“ True it is,” said Conor, “ the man of
 “ that throw would be king of the world,* if he
 “ have not short life.” What visage is upon Deir-
 dri ? said Conor. “ It is,” says Trendorn, “ that
 “ there is not in the world a woman possessed of
 “ superior visage and form than she.”† As Conor
 heard

† The drift here is evidently that Conor suspected the affectionate sincerity of Levarcam, with justice indeed ; and then he employs a man of known meanness at his court. Tyranny never willingly employs any thing else than willing meanness. It may be objected that jealousy is madness.

éuala Conéúbar fñi ro ljon d' éo, acaſ
 d'fhormod, acaſ d'fhógañ do na flógaib
 dol d'innſaib ná buighe ann a naib
 elann Uñmſ. Tancatar rómpa go teé
 na Craeibé-ruaibé, acaſ do léigedan
 trſ gárta mór-aiblé aſta 'na tſmél,
 acaſ do éuiredan teſinte acaſ ruaib-
 laſraéa jinte. Mañ do éualaib mſe
 Uñmſ na gárta fñi, d'fhayraigedan cſa
 bí ſá 'n cſraeb ruaib? Conéúbar acaſ
 Ulaib, an cáé go coſtéenn. Uſ coſmuſ
 gur ab ſ cumairce fheñguſ do b' áil lſb
 do bíſeib, an Iollann fñi. bñatar dāñſa,
 an Conéúbar, buib h-aſſreé do élojñ Uñ-
 mſ mo ben ſa do beſé aca. Uſ ſñi fñi,
 an Déſſone, do ſhell feñguſ oraib. Dar
 mo éubaſ, an buinne boñb ruaib, ma ſhell
 nſ ſhellaimne. Uſ an fñi táñſe buinne
 boñb

* This passage conveys a powerful idea of the
 reliance of old on *plighted faith*; but Conor acting
 under the influence of jealousy, had no regard to
 the common ties of the manners of the day. "*Conor*
 and *Ulster*," will be easily understood to mean Conor
 at the head of the force of *Ulster*, of which he was
 sovereign. The honourable feeling, as well as the
 practice

heard this, he filled of jealousy and envy, and he proclaimed unto the troops to go to assault the mansion in which were the children of Usnach. They came forward to the house of the Red Branch, and they sent forth three great dreadful shouts around it; and they set fires and red flames unto it. As the sons of Usnach heard these shouts, they asked who were about the Red Branch? "Conor and Ulster;" say all around. "It is like that it is Fergus's guaranty you mean to break," said Illan the fair.* "By my troth," said Conor, "it will be subject of regret to the children of Usnach to have my wife." "True it is," said Deirdri, "Fergus has acted traitorously towards you." "By my troth," said Buini the ruthless red, "if he hath been treacherous, we will not be treacherous." And then Buini the ruthless red

N

came

practice of the time, was so much in aversion, as it should ever be, to treachery, that the men here in danger shew heroism. Female quickness of apprehension and sensibility are highly exemplified in Deirdri; but its extravagance is pictured in accusing Fergus of treachery. Fergus's heroic honour could not abide the idea of treachery, and dearly did he make Ulster pay for the breach of his guaranty. It produced a war that ended not but with the destruction of its capital, Eman, and its power.

borb ruat̃ amac̃, acas̃ do marb̃ t̃r̃j̃ c̃acca
 curat̃ amuj̃e, acas̃ do c̃ujr̃ buaj̃orẽd̃ m̃or̃
 ajr̃ na fl̃og̃aj̃b̃. Do f̃h̃iaf̃raij̃g̃ Conc̃ubar̃
 c̃ja do r̃j̃nne an efor̃gaj̃n m̃or̃ f̃j̃n ajr̃ na
 fl̃og̃aj̃b̃? M̃je buj̃nne borb ruat̃ mac fer-
 guſa, ar̃ f̃e. C̃uma uaj̃m̃f̃j̃ t̃uj̃t̃, ar̃ Con-
 c̃ubar̃; c̃a c̃uma f̃j̃n? ar̃ buj̃nne borb ruat̃.
 T̃r̃j̃ca-c̃ẽd̃ d̃'f̃herann, ar̃ Conc̃ubar̃, c̃r̃ẽd̃
 aj̃le ar̃ buj̃nne borb ruat̃? Mo c̃og̃ar̃ acas̃
 mo c̃omaj̃nle, ar̃ Conc̃ubar̃. Zebar̃ſa f̃j̃n,
 ar̃ buj̃nne borb ruat̃. Do r̃j̃nnẽd̃ fl̃jab̃
 m̃or̃ don t̃r̃j̃ca-c̃ẽd̃ f̃j̃n na c̃uma an aj̃d̃ce
 f̃j̃n f̃ẽj̃n, acas̃ de do zor̃taj̃d̃ Sl̃jab̃ d̃al-
 bhuj̃nne, d̃'a n-zor̃tar̃ fl̃jab̃ ruat̃ an tan
 ſo. Od̃' c̃uala D̃ej̃r̃ore an c̃om̃rat̃ f̃j̃n,
 as̃ br̃jat̃ar̃ d̃am̃ſa, ar̃ f̃j̃, do t̃r̃ẽj̃g̃ buj̃nne
 borb ruat̃ f̃j̃b̃, acas̃ dom̃ d̃õj̃t̃ as̃ ãt̃ra-
 muſl an mac ē. Dar̃ zo d̃ej̃m̃j̃n, ar̃ Illann
 f̃j̃n n̄j̃ h̄ẽd̃ f̃j̃n d̃am̃ f̃ẽj̃n, an f̃ẽd̃ m̃aj̃r̃-
 f̃ẽf̃

* In this and the like descriptions, it must be recol-
 lected that leading youths, of this age, had a powerful
 retinue of military adherents attached to them as to
 their lives.

† It is remarkable that the inducement of riches
 without the adjunct of power was not deemed suf-
 ficient

came forth, and slew thrice fifty men* of might abroad, and he put great confusion on the troops. Conor asked who made that great havock of the troops? "I am he, Buini the ruthless red, son of Fergus," said he. "A bribe, from me to you," said Conor. "What is that bribe?" said Buini the ruthless red. "A district of land," said Conor. "What else?" said Buini the ruthless red. "My privacy and counsel,"† said Conor. "I will accept that," said Buini the ruthless red. That district of the bribe was made a great moor that very night; and it used to be called the moor of the race of Buini, which is called the mountain of Foad at this day. When Deirdri heard this conversation, "by my troth," said she, "Buini the ruthless red hath forsaken you; and, as I think, he is a father-like son." "By all that is certain," says Illan the fair, "that is not my own case; while

ficient inducement to make Buno a traitor to his trust. The hate of treachery is marked with a miracle by the poet. In some copies I find *Sljab dá bhujne*, the moor of double Buno, for *Sljab dāl bhujne*, the moor of the race of Buno, as in the text.

ƿeƿ an cloſðem cael, dýneð ƿo ann mo
lām, ný tpeýðƿad clann Uſmýð.

Uſ a h-aſtle ſm tāmē Jollan ſm amae,
acaſ tuc tpeý luatēuapda † tpmēell na
bruyðne, ður māðb tpeý ēēð laeð amuðē,
acaſ tāmē aſteð mur a pað Nafē, acaſ
ē að mipe na ƿtēſlle, acaſ Uynle mur aen
ƿm. Tēð Jollann amae an dapa ƿeðt,
acaſ tuc tpeý luatēuapda eſle um an m-
bruyðm, acaſ ƿuc lōēpann aſ laſað leſ
aſ an ƿƿaſtē, acaſ do ðab að ſloðeð
na ſlōð, acaſ nýr lāmſat na ſlōð teðt
ð mipeð na bruyðne; acaſ ƿo buð maſt
an mac ſm Jollann ſm, ðm nýr ēn
neð aſ dpm, dompm nām ƿā ný tā
m-beſt

* Meaning, while I live and am able to hold it;
and well and faithfully did he perform his promise.

† This seeming apathy appears, at first view, extra-
vagant fiction; but we must look a little into the minds
of the ancients before we condemn this relation. Chess
is a military game, and engages the mental faculties
like mathematical science. What amusement, then,
fitter for the contemplation of a hero in the midst of
danger,

“ while liveth* this small, straight sword in my hand,
 “ I will not forsake the children of Usnach.”

After this came Iollan the fair forth, and he made three quick circuits round the mansion, so that he slew three hundred men of might abroad; and he came in where was Naisi playing at the chess,† and Ainli together with him. Iollan goes out the second time, and made three quick circuits round the mansion, and took a lighted torch with him on the lawn, and he began cutting down the troops, and the troops dared not come to attack the mansion. A generous youth was this Illan the fair; for he refused not a person on the ridge of the world for any thing he might possess,
 and

danger, confident of the capacity and exertion of his friend? He was besides in a fortress, with sufficient force, as he thought, to defend it until day, when the affections of all the great of Ulster, he was sure, would come to his aid. But the deed of the attack was that of darkness, and the deeds of darkness generally best succeed, unfortunately for the world, while those of day and light are often defeated. This is the contemplation of the ancient poet; and he makes his hero appear contemplatively careless, relying on courage, virtue, and affection.

m-bejt aige, acaſ nſn? gab tuapaſtal ó aen
duine nſam aét ó fhearguſ.

2ls ann ſſn a dúbaſſt Concúbair, cá
b-áſt a ſſl mo mac ſéſn, ſjaéna ſſnn?
ataſſm ſunna, a áſt ſhlaſt, ar ſjaéna.
Dar mo bſjaéar, ar ſé, aſ an aen aſdóſ
puſatú tú ſéſn acaſ Iollann, acaſ óſ ſad
aſſm aſar a tá aſſéſan, beſſſſ m' aſſmſſ leat,
ídon, an 2lcéſn, acaſ an éoſſſnaé, acaſ an
ſoſ, acaſ an colſ ſlaſ, ídon, mo ſſjaé acaſ
mo dá ſleſſ, acaſ mo éloſdém mór, acaſ
dénaiſt calmaét acaſ cſódaét mór leo.

Do éóſſſſ ſjaéna a éorſ ſ na h-aſmaſſ
ſéunſa, ſomaſſéſa ſſn Concúbair, acaſ do
ſnnſaſſ Iollan ſſnn, acaſ do ſſnnedair cóm-
nac ſéſſ, ſuſſteé, ſorſſata, neſſſmſſ, naſſm-
damuſſ, tenſſ, tſſéſſbóſſ, tſſnnéſnaé ſé ééſle :
aét

* In ancient times to receive wages made any person
pass as a hireling, and the praise here bestowed is that
Illan would yield to no man but his father; a high cha-
racter. "The ridge of the world" is an expression
peculiar in our language.

† These are the significant names of Conor's arms:
"The Blue-green Blade," Mr. M'Pherson retains. Its
being an appropriately descriptive name of a sword was
sufficient

and he received not wages* from any one man ever but from Fergus.

And then it was that Conor said, “where is
 “my own son Fiacara the fair?” “I am here,
 “my sovereign,” says Fiacara. “By my troth,”
 says he, “it was on the same night that thou thy-
 “self and Iollan the fair were born; and as they
 “are his father’s arms he hath, take thou my arms
 “with you, namely, the Ocean, the Victorious, and
 “the Cast, and the Blue-green Blade; that is,
 “my shield and my two javelins, and my broad
 “sword,† and exert great resolution and valour
 “with them.”

Fiacra arrayed his frame in those prosperous
 gorgeous arms of Conor, and he attacked Iollan the
 fair; and they made warlike, bloody, desperate, force-
 ful, inimical, stout, mighty-violent, wreckless fight
 with each other.‡ But so it is that Illan the
 fair

sufficient to attract the notice of his taste; the other
 names, as he thought, would encumber his diction.
Ocean is a very appropriate name for a shield in the
 peculiar language in which alone the word OCEAN is
 derivable.

† The reader is left to judge of this description of
 fighting. The father of poetry has introduced single
 combat in the presence of contending hosts.

aét a tá an n-í cēdna, do éinn Iollann fynn
 ayn fhjacra, innus go tucc ayn lugeð ayn
 fhaic a fceicte, acaq sup gēf an 2lcēn pe
 mēd an ēigyn inn a nabb. Oyn bud gēf do
 fceicte Choncúbayn gēmeð le fopēigyn an t-
 ayn a m-beid; acaq no gēfodar tyn p-
 zonna na h-Éirenn, iðon, Tonn Tuaitte, Tonn
 Clhodnā, acaq Tonn Rúðraide ag fneðrað
 d. 2lf ann fyn do b- Conall Cernaé a n-Dun
 Sobairce, acaq do éuala Tonn Tuaitte. 2lf
 fyn fyn, an Conall, a tá Concúbayn an ē-
 gyn, acaq n-í cōyn dāmsa ēkteaét fyn.

Do

* These introductions of the marvelous and of pro-
 digy are only the liberties of poetic fiction, common to
 the poetry of all languages. The names of the waves
 here introduced, is, on purpose, to introduce grand
 natural objects to the mind. The roaring of waves
 dashing against and into the hollow caves of promon-
 tories, are objects of grand terrour to those immediately
 within view and hearing; and even those within distant
 audience of the noise are solemnly affected.

† The poet here covers with a fiction what he would
 fain his audience or reader conceive; that Conor, in
 his danger, sent for Conall Carnach, and that upon
 his arrival he pointed out the danger of his son, with-
 out

fair overcame Fiacra, so that he forced him to crouch beneath the shade of his shield, and that the Ocean, that is Conor's shield, fatally roared on account of the danger in which he was; for it was fatal for the shield of Conor to roar at the danger of the person on whom it would be;† and the three principal waves of Eirin, namely, the wave of Toth, the wave of CLIDNA, and the wave of RORY, roared responsive to it. Then was Conall Carnach at Dunsobarki, and he heard the wave of Toth. "True it is," said Conall, "Conor is in danger, and it is not meet for me "to listen to it."†

O

Conall

out letting him into the secret, that he had devoted the children of Usnach to his vengeance. He doubted not his loyalty, but he dreaded his affection for the children of Usnach, his beloved, valiant cousin Germans, and in some measure, as appears, his wards. The violence that follows shews this well, and the rage and conflict of passions, here briefly detailed, though well understood at a glance by the ancients, are not to be understood now but with attentive contemplation. That Conall Carnach should leave the scene of action, cannot be understood, but from a consideration of his loyalty. His violence to the son of his sovereign was the effect of instantaneous passion. But here we are only investigating

Do éirí Conall a h-ajtle, acaí do
 gab a airm acaí a éirí uime, acaí tá-
 nje noime mur a ríab Concubair a n-éirí-
 Maí, acaí fuair an comrac air an
 ríab, acaí fíacaí mac Concubair dá
 éirí do mór a h-íollann fínn, acaí nír
 láimíat Ríab Ullat, no aen duine d' Ullat
 an éirí, acaí tá nje Conall do leir
 a éirí air íollann fínn acaí fíacaí an
 colí glat tne n-a éirí. Cía do gínn
 me do leir mo éirí, ar íollann fínn, acaí
 ge b' é do nje, dar mo láim gíle do
 gebat fí comrac do leir m'áiríe uairíe.
 Cía tuí fínn, ar Conall? m'í íollann
 fínn mac fíeríu, acaí an tuí Conall?
 B' me, ar Conall. B' mór an gínn do
 nje, ar íollann, acaí mje Ullat air
 mo éirí. B' fínn fínn, ar Conall?
 B' fínn do deirí, ar íollann. Dar mo
 láim gíle, ar Conall, n' b' éirí Con-
 cubair a mac fínn 'n a b' éirí uairíe a
 n-éirí

figating the mental wandering of poetic fiction. The
 historic fact itself is not told without the habiliment of
 poetry. The ancients never told a story without an
 endeavour to give it glow enough to warm the reader's
 mind and imagination.

Conall arose after this, and he took his arms and armour on him, and he came on to where Conor was in Eman of Macha, and he found the fight on the lawn, and Fiachra, the son of Conor, greatly exhausted by Illan the fair; and the king of Ulad, or any of the Ultonians dared not interfere between them; but Conall came behind Illan the fair, and he thrust the blue-green blade through the region of his heart. “Who hath pierced me
 “at my back?” says Illan the fair, “and who-
 “ever did it, by my hand of valour he would
 “have got battle opposite my face from me, al-
 “though he hath pierced me at my back.” “Who
 “art thou thyself?” says Conall. “I am Illan
 “Fin,* son of Fergus; and art thou Conall?”
 “It is I,” says Conall. “Great (*dreadful*,) is
 “the deed thou hast done,” says Illan, “and
 “the sons of Usnach under my protection.” “Is
 “that true?” says Conall. “It is true indeed,”
 says Illan. “By my hand of valour,” says Conall,
 “Conor shall not bear his son alive from me in
 “vengeance

* How ridiculous it would be to translate this ILLAN FINGAL, instead of Illan the fair; yet an adherent of the *Macphersonian* system would have the hardihood so to render it.

n-djgal an gñjma sñ, acaſ nñ sñ tuc
 bējm clojdm d' fñjaēpa, ġur baji a čenni
 te. fāgbuſ Conall mur sñ jad. Tānje
 tajnnēla bāſ aſ Jollann fjonni ann sñ,
 acaſ do čejlġ a aſm nñ m-bruġm, acaſ
 a dúbajit nē Naeſſe calmaēt do dēnam,
 acaſ ēġaſ aſ a h-aſtle.

2lſ ann sñ tancatar Ullad j tčjmēll
 na bruġne, acaſ do cuſnedar teſnite acaſ
 teſnndāla ĵinte. Tānje 2lrdan amaē ann
 sñ, acaſ po mūc na teſnite, acaſ do
 mārb trġ čēd amuġē, acaſ čuajd 2ljinle
 amaē an trġan aſle don aſdē, acaſ do
 mārb ſē čēd amuġē, acaſ tuc ſlojdet
 acaſ ān curaō orpa.

Tānje Naeſſe amaē an trġan dēġnaē
 don aſdē acaſ do čuſ na ſlōġ uſle ō 'n
 m-bruġm, acaſ do mārb dā čēd amuġē.
 2lſ ann sñ do ġrēſajd Cončúbar Ulltaſd
 acaſ tucatar caſt na maſdne dā čēſle,
 acaſ do ſraēnaō an caſt aſ Ulltačajb,
 acaſ nō ġo n-aſſjmtar ġajm marna no
 duſlle ſēda, no dſūēt ſor ſhēr, no ſēulta
 njne, nġ h-ējdm nġm no āſſem a paſb do
 čennajb curaō, acaſ mġlġd, acaſ do meġġb
 maeldeſġa

“vengeance for that deed :” and with that he gave a blow of a sword to Fiacra, so that he took his head off him. Thus Conall left them. The weak shades of death then came upon Illan the fair, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and said unto Naisi, to exert resolution, and expired at once.

And now the Ultonians came around the mansion, and set fires and faggots to it. Then came forth Ardan and put out the fires, and slew three hundred abroad ; and Ainli went forth the other third of the night, and slew six hundred abroad, and cut down and slew their men of might.

Naisi came forth the last third of the night, and he drove all the troops from the mansion, and he slew two hundred abroad. And then Conor set on the Ultonians, and they gave the battle of the morning to each other, and the battle was carried from the Ultonians ; and until are counted sand of sea, or foliage of woods, or dew on grass, or stars of Heaven, it is impossible to reckon or enumerate what were of heads of heroes and men of might, and of trunks, red-bare from the hands
of

maelceſga o lāmaſb Naeſſe aſſ an laſaſſ
 ſſi. Tāſſe ƿā 'n mbruiſſi ſaſ ſſi. 2lſ
 an ſſi do eiſſe Dēſſore, acaſ a dū-
 baſſe ſſi, daſ mo lāſſi, aſ buaſſe an
 tuſaſ ſſi do ſſiſſe lſb, acaſ dēnaſ cal-
 maſt acaſ beſſe buſ dēſſa, acaſ
 aſ ole an ēſmaſſe do ſſiſſe baſſi, taebāſ
 le Concubaſ ſo brāſ, acaſ ſ truaſ nāſaſ
 ſababaſſi mo ēſmaſſe ƿēſſi ſoſſe-ſſi.

Imtūſa mac n-Uſſiſſe do ſſiſſe daſſe
 maſt dā ſeſaſſe, acaſ do ēſſe daſ eſſa
 a ſeſaſſe ſ tſſmēll Dheſſore eſſa, acaſ
 tucaſaſ tſſ lēſſi eſ h-aſſaſ, ēnaſſi taſ
 mūſaſſe o Emaſſi aſaſ, acaſ do maſbaſaſ
 tſſ cēſ ƿēſ doſ ſuaſaſ ſſi.

Maſ do ēſmaſſe Concubaſ ſſi do ēſaſſe
 eſ Caſbaſſe dſaſ, acaſ a dūbaſſe ƿſſſ,
 mēſſe a Caſbaſſe ſo mſe Uſſiſſe, acaſ mſſi
 dſaſſeſſe eſſa; oſſi mūſa eſſeſſeſſe ſaſ
 mſſſſſ

* The poetic *hyperbole* is left to the reader to de-
 termine on it as his own taste and judgment may direct :
 our business is to give a fair translation of our original.

of Naisi, then on the place of action.* He came into the mansion after this. And now Deirdri arose and said unto them: "By my troth, prosperous
 "is this movement just made by you; and exert
 "fortitude and vigor henceforward, and bad is the
 "resolve you have made, to trust in Conor to
 "eternity; and sad that you did not take my coun-
 "sel heretofore."†

As to what regards the sons of Usnach, they made a firm phalanx of their shields, and put the links of their shields around Deirdri between them, and they gave three bounds actively, as birds, over the walls of Eman outwards, and slew three hundred as they went along on this rushing.

As Conor saw this, he went to Cathbad the Druid, and said unto him: "Go Cathbad," says he, "unto the sons of Usnach and play *enchant-*
 "ment‡ upon them; for if they be not restrained
 "they

† The influence of beauty on gallantry and valour is constantly exhibited throughout this tale.

‡ Literally *druidism*. This was the poetic machinery of our ancient poets; for the reader is not to forget that it is a *tale* poetically embellished, though founded

mijllyſtō Ulytaſg zo bpač, mač mſjgſtō uatā
 d'an-amdeojn; acaſ do bejrm-ſj mo bpačar
 xjor-laejč nač egaſ dāſb mje, ačt zo
 pabaſt dom pēj. Do aentaſg Catbač ſjn
 dō, aſj na čpejtemaj, acaſ do čuaſtō a
 cceſn a eōlaſ, acaſ a elatna, do čofg
 clojnie Uxnyg, zur mſj dpujčēt opna;
 jdon, muſj čēčtaſgčt do čur 'n a tčmčell,
 maſle pē tonnaſb duajmječa, jnuſ zur ab
 amlaſtō do bſj mje Uxnyg aſ ſnān aſj xū
 na talman aſ jntēčt ō Emaſj dāſb; gſtōčt
 nſj lāmſat Ulač jač do jnyſaſtō no zur
 čuſtſat a n-aſjm aſ a lāmajb; acaſ jaſ
 tčujtjm na n-aſm uatā, do zabatō mje
 Uxnyg, acaſ a h-aſčle a n-zabāla, do jaſſ
 Cončubar aſj članſajb Duſtpečt a maſbatō.
 Zl dūbaſſt clanna Duſtpečt nač dēnoſſ ſjn.
 Do

founded on fact. *Cathbad* or *Cassa* was a Druid, and the maternal grandfather of the sons of Usnach. No wonder he should not be willing to practise his art on them without assurance of their safety ; but the enraged Conor was not to be restrained from vengeance for the loss of his intended bride, by any plighted promises.

* Perhaps this means intrinsically no more than Caffa's power of persuasion and parental influence over the sons of Usnach to make them submit.

“ they will destroy the Ultonians for ever, should
 “ they escape in spight of them; and I pledge
 “ my solemn asseveration of a true hero that I
 “ will be no danger to them, provided they be
 “ of my accord.” Cathbad believing him, consent-
 ed to this; and he had recourse to his intelligence
 and art to restrain the children of Usnach, so that
 he laid them under enchantment; that is, by
 putting around them a viscid sea of whelming
 waves;* so that the sons of Usnach were as if
 swimming along the ground as they were departing
 from Eman; however, the Ultonians dared not
 approach them until their arms fell from their
 hands; and after their arms fell from them, the
 sons of Usnach were taken, and Conor commanded
 their being put to death; and the Ultonians
 consented not to do this, for there was not a per-
 son among the Ultonians without having wages
 from Naisi.† And then Conor said to the sons of
 Durecht, to put them to death; and the sons of
 Duthrecht said they would not do so. Conor had
 P a fellow

† All the Ulster troops must then be his acknow-
 ledged vassals. The sons of Duthrecht are here said
 to have refused to execute the sons of Usnach, not-
 withstanding that in the historic account, Owen, the
 son of Duthrecht, is stated to be their assassin.

Do b'j óglac ag Conéobair dár buid comairim
 Máine lámgarb, mac Ríjg fionn Loélan,
 acas a f'ē Naeife do marb a a'air acas
 a d'ias derbna'air; Alac acas Tria'a a
 n-annanna, acas a dúbairt go muirfead
 f'ē f'ēin m'ic Uiríjg. Má 'f' ēd, ar Alr'dán,
 marb'air m'ic a'ir t'uf ó íf m'ē íf ó'ge
 dona brá'irb, éum naé f'fajc'inn mo brá-
 'irne, dá marba'd. Na marb'air, a'et m'ic
 ar Alr'le. Ná d'én'air amla'd f'inn, ar
 Naeife, ó'ir a tá clo'dem agam-fa tuc
 Manannán mac Lir d'ain, acas n'j f'há'g-
 bann f'uj'el bu'le no b'ēime, acas bua'lte'ir
 f'inn ar t'ir'ur d'e, acas muirf'j'd'air f'inn
 a c'c'ēd'ó'ir.

Al' f'j'ir f'inn, ar c'ac, acas f'j'ir'air l'j'
 bú'ir c'c'inn, acas bú'ir m-brá'j'd'e, ar f'jad.
 Do f'j'ne'd'air ann'f'inn a m-brá'j'd'e f'ae'ra,
 f'egajne, f'j'tamla, acas tuc Máine lua'j'd'ēim,
 éalma clo'd'inn a'ir an c'c'ear, an a'eu'f'he'et
 d'ó'j'b, acas do ba'inead na t'r'j' c'inn d'j'ob
 d'a'eu-b'ēim, acas do lé'j'j'd'air f'j'ir Ula'd t'r'j'
 t'rom-

* This affecting scene could not pass through the
 hands of an Irish poet without a mixture of the mar-
 vellous.

a fellow whose name was Maini Rough Hand, son of the king of Norway, and it was Naisi that slew his father and his two brothers, Athach and Triatha were their names; and he said that he himself would kill the sons of Usnach. "If so," says Ardan, "let me be killed first, since I am the youngest of the brothers, in order that I may not see my brothers killing." "Let him not be killed, but me," says Ainli. "Let it not be done so," says Naisi, "for I have a sword which Mananan the son of Lear* gave me, and it leaves not remains of stroke or blow, and let us three be struck together with it, and we will be killed at once."

"True it is," says every one, "and stretched by you be your heads and necks," say they. They then stretched their noble, stately, polished necks on the block at once, and then Maini dealt them a quick, forceful blow of the sword, and took the three heads off them at a stroke. And the men of Ulad then sent forth three heavy

vellous. A sword of supernatural power only could do the murderous deed.

тром-гáрѣа сúмáјѡ асáѣ сáејѡтѣ ѡѣ áрѡ
 umpa ann sñ.

Imcuḡa Dēirdre nō ēaejō zo tḡuaḡ, tuinḡeē
 acas nō tarrainḡ a ḡolt acas a ḡinnḡaḡ,
 acas do bḡ aḡ teēt aḡ ēloinn Uḡnḡ,
 acas aḡ 2lban, acas to ḡinne an lajō:

Sōnajō ḡojn zo h-2lban uajm,
 ḡaḡ nadoare a cuan ḡa ḡleinn;
 ḡur mbjōḡ mḡc Uḡnḡ aḡ ḡeḡḡ,
 2leḡḡinn ḡuḡe ѡѣ leḡḡ a beinn.

Lá dá nājḡ maḡte 2lban aḡ ѡl,
 'S mḡc Uḡnḡ dāḡ ēojn cñ,
 D'nḡḡn iarlá dúna tḡeojn,
 Do tuc Naeḡe pōḡ ḡan ḡhḡ.

Do ēujn ēujce eḡḡḡ baet,
 2ḡ allajō, ḡ laetḡ ḡe a coḡ,
 ḡ do ḡab ḡē ēujce aḡ cuajḡ
 2ḡ ḡllaḡ ѡ ḡluag Inber noḡ.

ḡan

* Deirdri is never tired of praising Alba from the security she, and the sons of Usnach, are stated to have enjoyed there in their flight from Eirin.

heavy shouts of sorrow and lamentation for them.

As to Deirdri, she cried sorrowfully and lamentably, and she tore her loose hair and dishevelled tresses ; and she was repeating tales of the children of Usnach and of Alba,* and she raised the strain :

“ Farewel east to Alba from me ;

“ Delightful the sight of her harbours and vales ;

“ Where the sons of Usnach pursued the chase ;

“ Delightful to sit o’er the prospects of her
“ cliffs.”

“ On a day that the nobles of Alba were
“ feasting,

“ And the sons of Usnach, deserving of love ;

“ To the daughter of the lord of Duntrone,

“ Naisi gave a kiss unknown.”

“ He sent her a frisking doe,

“ A hind of the forest, and a fawn at its foot ;

“ And he passed to her on a visit,

“ On his return from the host of Inverness.”

“ Upon

Har do eualad mje sm,
 Ljnas mo ejni lan don ed,
 Chujnos mo eunčan ajr tujni,
 'S ba cuma ljom bāf no ēz.

Lenadar mje ajr a tñam,
 Zjunte jf Zljdan har ean brēz;
 Do xhllodar me a steac,
 Dje do eujrad cat ajr eed.

Do tuc Naesje brjatar zo xxi,
 Jf do lujz xo tñj j xxiadnuj arm,
 Nač ccujrad oim-ja zruajm,
 Zo tteiz uajm ajr jluaž na marb.

Ue! dā celujnad xxi a noēt,
 Naesje bejč xai brat a ccrē,
 Do žujrad xj zo beačt,
 'S do žujxjnn-ja xo sečt lē.

Ca h-jngnam cjin azam xxi,
 Zljr eñjč Zlban xo nējō rōd,

fa

† "By my hand of valour," or "by my arms of valour," is the usual oath of our ancient heroes.

" Upon my hearing of this,
 " My head fills full of jealousy;
 " I put my little skiff on the wave,
 " And indifferent to me was life or death."

" They pursued me on the float,
 " Ainli and Ardan, who uttered not falsehood;
 " They turned me inwards,
 " Two that would subdue in battle an hundred."

" Naisi gave his word in truth,
 " And thrice he swore, in presence of his
 " arms,*
 " That he would not put on me dissatisfaction,
 " Until he would go from me on the host of the
 " dead."

" Alas! heard she this night,
 " Naisi to be under cover in the earth,
 " She would with ready feeling weep;
 " And I would weep sevenfold with her."

" What wonder that *I* have fondness
 " For the regions of Alba of Smooth way;
 " Safe

ba slán mo céile na meise,
fá lhom féin a h-éile: sa h-óir.

A h-áirle na laeide sin, mun fuair Dēir-
one aine éaie aín a céile, táine noime aín
an fáié, acaí í aín foluaimneó síos acaí
sías, ó dúine, go dúine acaí tápla Cúculoinn
ó, acaí nó naíe a cumaince fain, acaí
do míf scéla do ó túf go deínead, amail
nó

* *The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Adieu to Alba's eastern shore,
And all its beauteous harbours wide,
And vales, where Usnach's sons pursued
The bounding deer with em'lous pride!

With what delight the eye survey'd,
From the grey cliff, that tow'rs on high,
The flow'ry plains, and meads below!—
The pleasing thought constrains a sigh!

One day, when Usnach's noble sons,
And Alba's lords enjoyed the feast;
The lips of Duntrone's daughter fair,
To his, in secret, Naisi press'd.

We

“ Safe was my husband among them ;

“ Mine own were her steeds and her gold.”*

After this lay, as Deirdri found the attention of each to other, she moved on the lawn, running distracted up and down from man to man, and Cuchullan happened to her, and she enjoined protection on him ; and she told him tidings, from

Q beginning

He sent the dame a stately hind,
That, skipping, pac'd the verdant lawn,
And rang'd the woods, and leafy groves,
Close follow'd by a playful fawn.

But when th' account alarm'd mine ear,
That the brave youth, attentive, paid,
(Leaving the host of Inverness,)
A formal visit to the maid :

Fell jealousy inspir'd my soul,
I launch'd my skiff upon the wave,—
Despising life, I purpos'd then
To make the foamy tide my grave.

Anly and Ardan,—candid souls !
As on the distant shore they stood,
And saw my bark npon the deep,—
Plung'd, instant, in the raging flood :

They

no ēmžjō do člojnn Ukmž. ba tpuaz ne
Cúculojnn ſm, ojn nſ pajb žan doiman dujne
dob anna leſ mǎ Naeſe. Zcaſ do xhaſ-
paſž Cúculojnn cja majnb žad? Naine
lámžanb, an Dējndre.

Žly a-hajtle ſm do lujō Dējndre an an
uaſž, acaſ no žab aſ ol a xčola zo h-m-
ančac, acaſ do claejōeato xerz dojb, ažuſ
a dubajnt Dējndre an laejō:

fa da

They quick pursued, and turn'd the float,—
Plough'd back again the liquid field;—
Two dreadful chiefs,—whose might combin'd,
Would make an hundred heroes yield!

Then Naisi pledg'd his sacred word,
And thrice upon his falchion swore,—
That while his bosom glow'd with life,
He'd never cause me sorrow more.

Ah! was the bloody deed proclaim'd,—
And did she hear the mournful tale!—
That, in the dark cold womb of earth,
Now Naisi lies deform'd and pale!—

To

beginning to end, how befel the children of Usnach. Sad was this to Cuchullan,* for there was not in the world a person dearer to him than Naisi. And Cuchullan asked “who slew them?” “Maini “Rough Hand,” says Deirdri.

After this, Deirdri lay upon the grave, and she began to drink their blood abundantly,† and a mound was reared for them, and Deirdri raised the strain :

DEIRDRI'S

To death ingloriously betray'd !—
This treach'rous act,—Oh !—did she know,—
In anguish would she sadly weep !
And I would drown her with my woe !

No wonder, that I love the land,—
That, for its charming dales I pine !
For there my much-lov'd lord was safe,
And Alba's flowing wealth was mine !

* Cuchullan was the cousin german of the sons of Usnach. His asking who put them to death, is a hint of purposed vengeance, but it is not told afterwards that it was executed.

† This is introduced as a mark of extreme affection, sorrow, and distraction; and however disgusting it may appear, still fidelity to the original obliges us to retain it.

N'uaill-dubad Dhéirdne an diaḡ élaíne
Uí Fhíng.

Fada an lá gan clann Uí Fhíng,
N'ín tuiscead beir na ccualacét,
Míe n'íog ne n-dílaíḡ deónaíḡ;
Tíe leómuin éine na h-uama.

Tíe leinnáin do mnaíḡ b'etán,
Tíe sebuie íléíḡe Cuillinn,
Míe n'íḡ dár ḡall an ḡaíḡíḡ,
'S dá tuisceadíḡ amuís uí Fhíng.

N'a tíe beiríḡeacá beóda,
Tíe leómuin leaḡa connraé,
Míe n'íḡ ne 'n maíḡ a molaíḡ,
Tíe míe uéta na n-olltaé.

Tíe an laéḡ nár maíḡ fá uí Fhíng,
Dí tuiscead n' cuí tuiscead,
Tíe míe n'íḡíne Chaíḡbaíḡ,
Tíe ḡabla caḡa Cuailgne.

Tíe

* A district in Ulster put here for the whole province.

DEIRDRI'S LAMENTATION FOR THE
CHILDREN OF USNACH.

- “ Long is the day without the children of
 “ Usnach ;
 “ It was not irksome to be in their assemblage ;
 “ Sons of a king, by whom sojourners were
 “ entertained ;
 “ Three lions of the hill of Huama.
 “ Three attachments of the fair of Britain ;
 “ Three falcons of the mount of Culan ;
 “ Sons of a king, to whom valour made obedience,
 “ And to whom heroes yielded homage.
 “ Three mettlesome bears,
 “ Three lions of the fort of Conrach ;
 “ Sons of a king, to whom praise was wealth ;
 “ The three sons of the breast of the Ultonians.
 “ Three men of might, not liberal of homage,
 “ Their fall is cause of sorrow.
 “ The three sons of the daughter of Cathbad ;
 “ The three props of the hosts of Cualgni.*

“ Three

Τῇ δρεῖγυι δύνα ἡδονᾷ,
 Νὰ τῇ κυνᾷ ὅν σπαρῶμασθε,
 Ἄν-δραῖς ἢ βα βεῶ μῆε,
 Τῇσιν ὀρῆτε na ccaṭ ccrṇaṣṭe.

Τῇσιν δο h'-oṣle-aḏ aḡ 2ḡṣe,
 Δὰ mḡṣoḏ eṣṣe-a ṣo ṣānaṣṣ,
 Τῇ h'-uaṣṭe-aḏa ὀρῆτε caṭa,
 Τῇ daltāṣi δο bḡ aḡ Sḡāṭaṣṣ.

Τῇ daltāṣi δο bḡ aḡ Uaṭaṣṭo,
 Τῇ laeṣe ṣa buaṣne † ττρεῖς,
 Τῇ mḡ oṣṭe-ṣea Uḡmṣṣ,
 ṣa tuṣṣe-aṣ beṣṭ ἢ a n-eṣbaṣṭo.

2ḡṣo-ṣṣṣ Ulaḏ mo ṣeḏoṣṣeṣ,
 Δο ṭṣeṣṣeṣ ē aṣi ḡṣāḏ Naṣṣe,
 3eṣṣ

* Now Ballymoney, a post town in the north of Ireland

† Aifi is said to have had a military school in the isle of Sky, in conjunction with her father Otha. Cuchullan is said to have been bred there, and to have had Conloch by this military lady. The sons of Usnach and

“ Three dragons from the fort of Monad ;*
 “ The three heroes from the Red Branch ;
 “ After them not alive am I ;
 “ Three that broke every dreadful fray.”

“ Three that were reared with Aifi,†
 “ To whom regions were under tribute ;
 “ Three columns of breach of battle ;
 “ Three that were fostered at Sgathay.”

“ Three fosterlings reared by Otha ;
 “ Three heroes most lasting in might ;
 “ Three renowned sons of Usnach,
 “ 'Tis irksome to be without them.”

“ The supreme sovereign of Ulad, my first
 “ husband ;‡

“ I forsook him for the love of Naisi ;

“ Short
 and Connal Carnach are stated to have been reared
 there also.

‡ No more is meant than that Deirdri was, from infancy, betrothed to Conor. It is human nature, that she should prefer a fine youth of her own age to a man old enough to be her father.

Ʒerr mo ƷaeƷal 'n a nɔjaɟ,
ƷerƷad a ccluytēe caeɟte.

Ʒo maɟɟɟɟɟ a nɔjaɟ Naeɟe,
Na Ʒaeɟleatō neē aɟ talmaɟ,
ʒl n-ɔjaɟ ʒɟɟɟɟ acaɟ ʒɟɟɟɟ,
ɟonnam-Ʒa nɟ bjaɟō anmaɟ.

'N a n-ɔjaɟ nɟ ba beō mɟe,
Tɟaɟ lɟɟeātō tɟe lāɟ deɟɟa,
O ēuaɟō mo lennaɟ uajmɟe,
ƷerƷad aɟ a uajɟ ceɟa.

ʒl ɟhɟɟ ʒoēlaɟ an nuaōɟheɟt,
Na Ʒen an uajɟ ʒo ɟocɟaē,
bjaɟ-Ʒa ɟ ɟɟoēaɟ na h-uajɟe,
ʒɟ Ʒēnaɟ tɟuaɟɟe ɟ oēaɟ.

ɟōɟ ɟo Ʒeɟɟɟɟ ɟo ɟoēaɟ,
ʒl ɟɟoēaɟ na tɟɟɟ ccuraō
Ʒ' ɟhuyɟɟɟɟ Ʒaɟ teē Ʒaɟ teɟe,
Nɟ mɟe naē bjaɟō ʒo ɟubaē.

ʒl tɟɟɟ Ʒeɟaɟa 'Ʒ a Ʒleɟa,
Ʒa leba ɟaɟ ʒo mɟmɟe,

Cuɟɟ

“ Short my life after them,
 “ I’ll plaintive sing their lamentable dirge.”

“ That I would live after Naisi,
 “ Let none on earth imagine ;
 “ After Ainli and Ardan,
 “ In me there will not be soul.”

“ After them alive I must not be ;
 “ Three that would rush through the midst of
 “ battle ;
 “ Since my attached has gone from me,
 “ I’ll shed showers o’er his grave.”

“ O! man, who diggest the new grave,
 “ Make not the tomb narrowly ;
 “ I’ll be over the grave,
 “ Reiterating sorrow and lamentation.”

“ Much difficulty would I encounter
 “ Along with the three heroes ;
 “ I would endure without house or fire ;
 “ It is not I that will not be melancholy.”

“ Their three shields and their three spears
 “ Have often been my bed ;

R

“ Set

Cuir a ttrí ccloíðne cruaidé,
Oí éini na huaidé a gillé.

Altttrí coiri 's a ttrí sebaie.
biaio feta zai luét felga,
Ttríur congála zae caza,
Ttríur daltáin Chonall Chernáig.

Ttrí h-jalla na ttrí ccon sin,
Do bairi oína af mo éroide,
Alz agam do bí a ttráigíð,
Al ffaicefin h fát caeide.

Ní pábas aen lá am aenar,
Zo lá dēnta na h-uaidé,
Íð mīne do bí mīe,
Alcas ffb-fe zo h-'uaidneac.

Do éuaid mo padare uaimí,
Alz ffaicefin uaidé Naeife,
Zerr zo ffaizfe me m'anam,
Ní mairann mo luét caeinte.

O 's

* Conall Carnach was lord of a district in Ulster,
the cousin german, as we have seen, of the children
of

“ Set their three swords of steel

“ Over the grave, good wight.”

“ Their three hounds and their three falcons

“ Shall henceforward be without folk of game ;

“ Three sustainers of every conflict,

“ The three wards of Conall Carnach.”*

“ The three slips of these three hounds

“ Have forced a sigh from my heart,

“ It was with me they were in keeping ;

“ To see them is cause of sorrow.”

“ I was not one day alone

“ Until the day of making the grave,

“ Though often have I

“ And you been in solitude.”

“ My sight hath gone from me,

“ At seeing the grave of Naisi ;

“ Shortly will I forsake my life,

“ My folk of lamentation live not.”

“ Since

of Usnach ; he was older than they, and is therefore
said to have had them in wardship.

O 's tñmfa do xellað onca,
 bjað fa ðaðmurs zo tñmfað,
 2ls tñuað nað pað me i ttaimajñ,
 Sul do mañbað meic Uñneac.

Tñuað mo tñmfa le ferzuz,
 Do 'm celgað ðan enaebmuað,
 Re bñatpa bláite bñne,
 Do mellað ññnean aen-uajñ.

Do tñeiglof aeibnef Ulað,
 2ñ tñmfa cupað bo tñeife,
 No faezal nñ ba faða,
 'N a n-ðiajð ñ aenar meife.

2ls mē ðeñðne ñan aeibnef,
 ñ mē a n-ðeñead mo beða,
 2l beð 'n a n-ðiajð óf mñte,
 Nñ bjað mñte zo faða.

2ñ-ajte

* *The English Versification, from the literal Translation,
 by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Now weary rolls, to me, each gloomy hour,—
 Now dimly shines, to me, earth's genial ray,—
 For Usnach's noble sons,—alas!—no more
 Appear, to glad the rising beam of day!

Oh!

" Since it was through me they were betrayed,
 " I will be in tribulation sadly ;
 " It is sad I was not in earth
 " Before the fell death of the sons of Usnach."

" Sorrowful my journey with Fergus,
 " Deceitfully alluring me to the Red Branch ;
 " With flowery sweet words
 " We have been at once beguiled,"

" I forsook the delight of Ulad,
 " For the three heroes most beloved ;
 " My life will not be long ;
 " After them, solitary am I."

" I am Deirdri without joy,
 " And I in the end of my life ;
 " Since to be after them is misfortune,
 " I will not be longer."*

After

Oh!—let sorrow every breast inspire!
 With them, how sweet was life!—and I how bless'd!
 The princely offspring of a royal sire;—
 Who made th' unfriended stranger their free guest.

Three

2lh-aíle na laeíde sin, do lins Deíne
 aín muín Naeíre san ííeínt, acas íuaín báí
 ían moíll acas do tóíbaí a íaí óí a íeíí,
 do

Three brindled lions, whose imperial roar,
 Echo'd aloud from Huma's woody height!—

But now the dreadful sound is hear'd no more;
 The falcons of the hill have wing'd their flight!

Three youths divine!—whom Britain's fair admir'd!
 Who ne'er up-rear'd the beamy shield in vain;—

Receding valour shrunk, with fear inspir'd,—
 And trembling heroes fled the crimson plain!

Three mighty leaders, who disdain'd to yield,—
 Who ne'er, to mortal, servile homage shew'd,

While their strong hands the brazen spear could wield!
 For whom, in love, th' Ultonion bosom glow'd!

Three lordly bears that rang'd the forest wide,
 And tore th' opposing oaks with fury down!—

Three rocks unmov'd in battle's furious tide!
 Three chiefs, whose greatest riches was renown!

Three that to Caffa's daughter ow'd their source!—
 Tears for their treach'rous fall shall ever pour!

Three pow'rful props of Cualnia's martial force!
 Three dragons fierce of Monad's lofty tow'r!

After this lay, Deirdri flung herself upon Naisi
in the grave, and died forthwith, and stones
were laid over their monumental heap; their
Ogham

Three, whom the RED BRANCH honor'd 'bove therest;
They're gone!—and with them all my joys are fled!
Three, that every bloody fray repress'd!
Three, that in Aifi's warlike school were bred!

Three, whom tributary realms obey'd!
Three adamantine pillars, that sustain'd
The slack'ning arm of war;—who forceful stay'd
The rushing foe,—and the dread fight maintain'd!

Three, that in Dunskey's learned halls were train'd,
Whom Otha taught to break th' embattled line;—
Whose reach of thought, each noble art attain'd!
In death's eternal sleep they now recline!

For Naisi's love I fled my royal lord,—
I fled Ultonia's treasures, throne, and king!
For three for deeds of fame admir'd—ador'd!
Their lamentable dirge I'll plaintive sing!

And let no earthly being vainly deem,
That after Naisi I could here delay!
To follow Anly—Ardan chief supreme!
I'll quickly sink beneath the kindred clay!

Three

DO ſcſjbað ananmana oğajm, acaſ DO
ſcſpað a cclujtce caejnte.

Do

Three that ruſh'd impetuous o'er the plain!—
He's gone!—he's gone!—My Naiſi!—deathleſs name!
Whoſe ſhining blade heap'd high the hills of ſlain!
O'er his cold corſe ſhall woeful torrents ſtream!

Oh!—bending o'er the tomb, here let me ſtay!—
Reſume the ſpade, and make the manſion wide,—
And when I weep my gloomy ſoul away,—
Then, gen'rous, place me by my Naiſi's ſide!

With them each danger would I gladly ſhare,
And winter's cold, and ſummer's heat endure;—
Now lamentations pierce the wounded air!
No more upon their ſhields I lie ſecure!

No more their radiant ſpears ſhall be my bed!
Upraiſe their ſteely falchions o'er the grave,
Yet reeking with the blood of hostile dead!—
Around the field, no more they'll deathful wave!

No more the hound, unfetter'd, ſprings away;
The hawk no more ſhall guide his deadly aim,
And cautious pounce upon the trembling prey;—
They breathe no more, who lov'd the ſportive game!

They

Ogham name was inscribed, and their dirge of lamentation was sung.

S

Cathbad

They breathe no more, who gloried in the chase!
Whom Conall rear'd,—whom heav'nly Maia bore;
Of might, the fury of the foe to face;—
The thunder of the battle rolls no more!

When e'er I cast around my wand'ring eye,—
And the three slips of their three hounds I see,—
Forth from my bleeding heart it draws a sigh!
For they,—alas!—were held in care by me!

Naísi!—my life existed but in thine!—
And now thy gen'rous,—mighty soul is flown!
Why should this body long imprison mine?
Why does your Deirdri linger thus alone?

For though full oft from me did Naisi part,
Yet had I then no real cause to mourn:
His bless'd existence fill'd with joy my heart,—
But now he's gone,—ah!—never to return!

Is Naisi, then, in Earth's cold bosom laid?
My sight grows dim,—woe stops my sobbing breath!—
Soon, joyful, will I follow his dear shade,—
My fainting spirit courts th' approach of Death!

None—

Do mallajġ Catbað Dnaġ Emaġn do cġnn
 mġc Uġnġ do maġbað mntē, aġn mēuġb
 fheġġuġ, acaġ taġ ēġ Chonēobaġn do
 ġabaġnt

None—ah! none I leave to mourn my doom!—
 Now fate's impending stroke will not be long;—
 Betray'd by me, they sunk into the tomb!
 There will be none to sing my funeral song!

Ah!—had th' unhappy Deirdri been no more!—
 Ah!—did she sleep within her narrow cell!—
 Ere with false Fergus she left Alba's shore,
 Ere Usna's noble offspring treach'rous fell!

Oh!—how beguil'd!—how woefully deceiv'd!
 To the RED BRANCH, by sweet persuasion brought!
 The sacred seeming promise was believ'd!
 The sons of Usna harbour'd no base thought!

With three belov'd—and gen'rous chiefs to go,
 I fled Ultonia's beauteous scenes,—divine!—
 In cheerless gloom, and solitary woe,
 While painful life continues, now I pine!

No radiant beam of joy my soul receives!
 No friendly tongue can soothe my flowing grief!
 No cold revenge my mighty loss retrieves!
 No human aid can give me now relief!

Oh!—

Cathbad the Druid maledicted Eman, on account of the slaying of the sons of Usnach therein, against the protection of Fergus, and after Conor had

Oh!—Death at length my sinking form invades!
 The vital blood my veins no longer warms;—
 Now—now I join the three great martyr'd shades!—
 Receive me, Naisi, in thy blood-stain'd arms!

There is a natural and striking beauty in this poem, which, perhaps, it may not be impertinent to observe: As Deirdri begins her lamentation with strong and emphatic emotions of extreme sorrow, which she is incapable of restraining; the strain of the poet is, at first, grand and expressive; and also continues so as long as she is able to exert her lamentable powers with energy;—but when, overcome with the insupportable weight of her afflictions, she grows faint in body, and, consequently, feeble in expression;—the strain becomes less pompous, but more pathetic, and there is, as it were, a mournful calm which admirably depicts her approaching dissolution, in every stage of which, she is portrayed in almost inimitable colouring;—in short, the reader is much more affected with the tragic story veiled, as it is, in the beautiful garb of poetry, than if he was really present at the death of Deirdri—so great is the power of the Irish bard. This has been endeavoured at in the English translation.

The Druidical mode of interment in ancient Ireland is described in this tale: A stone was put over the grave and
 the

ʒabajnt ʒellað do Chaʒbað nāc muɲɲað
 ʒað, dā n-ɲmɲeað ɔɲuðeçt oɲna, acaɲ
 a ʒabajnt çuɲʒe ɣɛɲ. ʒleaɲ a ɔubajnt
 Caʒbað ɣoɲ nā ɓjað Eɲajɲ aɲ Conçubaɲ,
 na aɲ æɲɔuɲe ɔ' ā ɣlɛt, ɔ'n ɣɲɲɲɲaɲl ɣɲ
 amaç, ʒo ɓɲuɲɲe an ɓɲāɲa, acaɲ ɔo ɓ'
 ɣɲɲɲ ɣɲ, ɔɲɲ nɲ ɲaɲɔ Eɲajɲ aɲ Conçúbaɲ,
 na

the name of the person interred was inscribed in the
hieroglyphic virgular characters used by the Druids; of
 which kind of inscriptions numerous instances are daily
 discovered in Erin, but none, I believe, upon any of Mr.
 M'Pherson's "*grey stone*," in ALBA, or modern SCOTLAND.
 When we colonized *Alba*, which has got the name of *Scot-*
land from us, that is in the sixth century, Christianity, not
 Druidism, was established. This particular passage is
 sufficient to shew the *fictitious* scheme of Mr. M'Pherson,
 who always puts down for our OGHAM INSCRIPTION his
 "*grey stone*," because they are always on granite. He
 affects the establishment of an *utter* impossibility, that
 is, that an *utter ignorance of literature* could produce
 a *stupendous work* of GREAT literary magnitude. Let
 not the literary world be any longer in error. From
 those who wrote the originals which he perverted, it
 was that he learnt to be singular and extravagant, and
 this is what made him "*a lasting reputation and a*
name;" but they were neither ignorant nor illiterate;
 they were the oldest literary people in Europe, our
 poets and historians. Ours is a fine original tongue, of
 which the dialect of Alba is a debased corruption.

At

had given his promise to Cathbad that he would not slay them, if he would practise enchantment upon them, and bring them to himself. And Cathbad said moreover, that neither Conor nor any one of his descent should possess Eman from this paradise forth, to the bosom of eternity; and that has been verified, for neither Conor nor any of his
 race

At the conclusion of this tale, told in the assembly, there is a traditional relation always added. It is said that king Conor was so incensed that Naisi and Deirdri should, even in death, inhabit the mansion of the grave together, ordered them to be far separated in the ground of burial. It is also said, that on every morning, for some days, the graves would be found open, and Naisi and Deirdri found together in one. It is asserted, that Conor then ordered that stakes of yew should be driven severally through their bodies, in order to keep them for ever asunder. The marvelous fiction is then extended to an extravagant length, by telling that two yew trees grew from these stakes, which, as yew is considered the longest living tree, were stated to have grown to such a height as to embrace each other over the cathedral of Armagh, in ages after the tragical circumstance occurred. All generous minds are gratefully affected with poetic fiction. The gentlemen of the Highland Society have not been ignorant of the tradition respecting the yew trees, as it is mentioned in their publication of 1805. Romantic stories were the substitutes with our ancestors for dramatic composition,

na ag aendujne d' a ílét ó ím ille. 213
íim oíde éloinne Uímhí 30 naise seo.

* We have already observed, that the breach of Fergus's guaranty occasioned him to fly the court of his nephew Conor. He resorted that of Cruachan, in Conaght, where reigned MEVIA, (or MEY, as neatly expressed by the Albano-scotic Highland Society,) then queen of Conaght, and long in enmity with Conor of Ulster. With the influence of Fergus, she was able to excite all the rest of Ireland to a war against Ulster, which did not terminate until the destruction of Eman, which forms a grand epoch in ancient Irish history. The poetically embellished details of this desperate war will constitute a principal part of our next publication. A vast deal of poetic fiction is mixed by our old poets with their details of absolute historic facts. "*Sed omnia antiquitus fabulosa*,"—"all antiquity is fabulous." From ancient documents of this nature, however, it is limited, if not ignorant fastidiousness to scorn all endeavour at enucleating truth.

† This is a manner of terminating our stories in old manuscripts. The obvious cause is to prevent mistake, as well as to call attention back to the poetic or historic detail. The old manuscripts are so closely written, that it is not easy to distinguish their several tracts without such marks; and next, it is suggested, that one reading is not sufficient to appreciate the value of a composition.

race possessed Eman from that time to this.*
Such is the sorrowful tale of the children of
Usnach.†

We have gone through this poetico-dramatic tale, founded on fact, of which the reader is left at liberty to form his own judgment, and which he will form, whether we will or not. But now we come to compare it directly with Mr. M'Pherson's *Darthula*, and here the argument is of brief decision. Falshood cannot stand against truth, no more than anachronism can against the range of circumstantial history.

Our story is very different from Mr. M'Pherson's. Ours has been written at least since the sixth century; but I can confidently assert, that his was never written, or "handed down by tradition," in the form in which he gives it, before he indited his argument. Usnoth was not lord of Eta, but Usnach was an Ulster noble, and his sons, Naisi, Ainli, and Ardan, after their flight, settled on the borders of the lake of Eitche, which, I allow, is his, Loch-Eta, an arm of the sea in Loarn. These young heroes were not the "nephews of the celebrated Cuchullan, by his sister Slessama;" nor do we find he had any such fanciful sister: but
they

Cf. p 47

they were the sons of Ailbhi, one of the daughters of (Cathbad) Caffa the Druid; while Cuchullan was the son of Deitchin, another daughter, by Subaltam (not Semo) his father, lord of Dudalgan, (now Dundalk,) and so he and the sons of Usnach were cousin-germans. They were not sent from Alba then to be educated by the famed Cuchullan in arms; but, as may be gathered from Deirdri's lamentation, they are said to be reared with Aifi in the military school of Sky, where Cuchullan himself, and their other cousin-german, the famous Conall Carnach, the son of Fincaemh, another daughter of Caffa, is said also to have been educated. As for the Cairbar, here mentioned, he did not exist for near three centuries after the sons of Usnach, Cuchullan and Conall Carnach; nor was he then an usurper of the throne of Cormac, but the son and lawful successor of that monarch, who, after a long and prosperous reign, choosing to enjoy tranquillity and retirement, resigned his sovereignty to Cairbar his son, who in the year of Christ, 295, engaged the Finnian heroes in the memorable battle of Gabhra, where he and the renowned Oscar, son of Oisin, son of Finn, son of Cumhal, (the Fingal of Mr. M'Pherson,) encountering each other, fell by mutual wounds.

The

The occasion of Cairbar's engaging in this battle was to avenge Finn's desertion of his grand-father Art, in the battle of the plain of Moycrovy, wherein he was deprived of his life and crown by Luigh Mac Con, another Irish prince, who was supported by some British auxiliaries, as will be detailed more at large in its proper place.

Deirdri (not Darthula) was not, as we have seen, the daughter of Colla, as Mr. M'Pherson says, but of Feilim, son of Dal or Dela; nor is the ideal tower or castle of Selama (how like the other airy tower of Selma) at all mentioned. These pretty names may be useful in a work of fancy, such as Mr. M'Pherson's Darthula, whose drift was suggested by the story which we have faithfully translated, and of which the Highland Society of Scotland have a very fine old copy on vellum, acknowledged to have been written so long ago as the twelfth century. The publication of which would confirm the truth of what is here insisted upon. There is no mention in Irish history of any other renowned personages of the name of Colla, but of three brothers, sovereign princes, who lived in the beginning of the fourth century; Colla Uais, Colla-da-Chrioch, and Colla

T

Menn,

Menn, none of whom could have been contemporary with Conor Mac Nessa, or the sons of Usnach. But as Colla is a soft poetic name, it answered Mr. M'Pherson's purpose, and saved him the trouble of invention, to which he was obliged to resort upon numerous other occasions, and which, in this case, seems to have given him trouble, and to have run him quite closely, as in the instances of *Selma* and *Selama*. But it is no wonder that a man, who was so very deeply engaged in a more extensive field of invention, should spare himself trouble on such less material occasions, at least in his opinion. He had to invent imaginary circumstances, as well as to bring together men, and their deeds, who lived at far distant periods, and a few fictitious names of men and places, were trifling links in his chain of fabrication. Had he nothing more than unsteady tradition to encounter, as he would fain impress, any inadvertency of this kind would have been indeed immaterial: but as, in fact, he stands opposed by the indubitable ancient written records of the most cultivated and accurate language upon earth, these careless inadvertencies are fatal. For names are in history as landmarks, which cannot be removed or falsified without sacrilegious violence, destroying the founded principles

principles of established truth, and substituting in their room the fanciful pillars of imposing fabrication. Such spurious imposition, however, is easily detected by the eye of intelligent investigation, and original right is restored to the contemplation of unprejudiced judgment.

Mr. M'Pherson, although forming a new system, treading in the footsteps of his predecessors, Buchanan, Fordun, M'Kenzie, &c. thought proper to blend the genuine truth with imaginary fiction, wherefore he relates that "the three brothers, after
 "defending themselves for some time, with great
 "bravery, were overpowered and slain." This is the fact according to our poetic tale, but it is not equally true that "the unfortunate Deirdri (not Darthula) killed herself on the body of her beloved
 "Naisi," (not Nathos.) The tale tells that she threw herself on his body, and instantly expired, as she predicted in her lamentation. In the true history she is said to have thrown herself out of Conor's chariot, and to have broken her skull against a rock; and even this must be considered accidental death, rather than suicide. It is true that suicide was unknown in those early times; but it must be observed, that what is here fastidiously
 called

called "common tradition," is the irrefragable authority of Irish history, which is every where mauled, mangled, mutilated, perverted, destroyed, and confounded in all possible instances by the subtle and dexterous ingenuity of this ingenuous gentleman, while it must be insisted upon, that he and his countrymen, if this be discarded, have no history or literature of more than three hundred years standing; and even this latter not their own, but a paltry loan from the modern English funds.

Now let us investigate the poem itself, as given by Mr. M'Pherson.

Whatever merit the address to the moon may possess, must wholly be attributed to Mr. M'Pherson. It savours much more of modern than of ancient poetry. The Greek and Roman poets make several fine allusions to the moon and other heavenly bodies; they derive elegantly impressive similitudes from them:—so do our ancient poets, of whom none addresses them at this rhapsodical circumstantial length. The sacred captain-general, Joshua himself, when his mind was divinely elevated, addressed the sun and moon only with

with limitation to certain places, when he said,
 “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon,
 “in the valley of Ajalon.” Josh. x. v. 12.

This address, indeed, might have been suggested by Deirdri’s notice of the boding cloud, but it is much and finely enlarged upon. The picture is great, sublime, and impressive; but it is all Mr. M’Pherson’s, who never fails to borrow a tint from any author, ancient or modern, who may furnish an idea of embellishment. Who does not meet the shade of Shakespeare twinkling in the following sentiment?—“But thou thyself shalt fail one night; “and leave thy blue path in heaven:”

“The cloud capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 “The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 “Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
 “And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 “Leave not a wreck behind.”

SHAKESPEARE.

We always had, notwithstanding the respectable Dr. Shaw’s idea to the contrary, a conception of the audacious imposture of a publication of the pretended originals of Mr. M’Pherson’s poems of Ossian. I call them Mr. M’Pherson’s poems of Ossian particularly, as such never existed in the
 shape

shape and form in which he has given them, previously to his management, and before this new-fangled post-original translation, in ignorant, unmetrical, corrupt Erse, to the eternal disgrace, though undoubtedly intended for the lasting honour—of Scotland! It is true, some specimens of this kind of nauseously irregular rhapsody were, from time, since the publication of Mr. M'Pherson's *Lucubrations*, obtruded on the public as part of his feigned original, for the purpose of trying the pulse of the Irish; and when it was found that they passed in unnoticed contempt, it was confidently believed that Irish literature had expired without a solitary vindicator of its rights. Nothing else could have induced the ushering forth of this monstrous fabrication. Indeed we know that a similar conception of the decline of Irish learning, suggested to Mr. M'Pherson himself, the feasible success of that contrivance, which has *deservedly* and *undeservedly* gained him "a lasting reputation and a name." He deserves the highest *worldly* applause for that *genuine* scheme which has captivated the generous taste of all literary people; but he truly merits, and has surely incurred the *reprobation* of dignified, pure, historic truth, while he remains a lasting monument of clumsily contrived, of designed and systematic falsehood.

Many

Many of my countrymen, far more able than myself, have attacked this many-headed wily monster of Scottish generation ; but they hurled the weapons of abstract reasoning only, which were eluded by the shield of sophistical deception. But I come in the simple, defensive armour of comparative fact, while my offensive weapons are historic truth, a professed acquaintance with my native language ; with all that the destructive wrecks of time and war have left in it for contemplation ; and with a critically accurate knowledge of its most abstruse, difficult, sublime and elegant poetry.

The profound conjecture of the deep contemplative mind of Dr. Johnson, that, “ if any thing *like* “ originals, for Mr. M’Pherson’s poems of Ossian “ existed, it must be found in Ireland,” is like Sir Isaac Newton’s supposition of the highly inflammable quality of diamond. Both opinions stand now on incontestable ground ; the former, on fact, now to be acknowledged, and the latter proved by unquestionable experiment.

We will now depart from Mr. M’Pherson until after giving the old historic tale of Deirdri. We shall then compare the late *monstrous fabrication* which
bears

bears his sanction, as the original of his Ossian, with some native fragments of that wildly-sublime Irish Bard, whoever he was, who wrote those pieces of which we have abundance to produce. Then will Mr. M'Pherson be exhibited in his own colours.

Here follows the historic tale of the children of Usnach, which from the language must be of the earliest age of Irish literature: it is given without comment, except in a very few instances where italics are introduced, in order to leave the reader to his own judgment, as to the antiquity, &c. &c.

THE ANCIENT HISTORIC

TALE

OF THE

DEATH OF THE

CHILDREN OF USNACH.

LOINDES 9121C H-UISN'18.

CJD Dja mbuſ lojngeaſ mac n-Uſſmſ? Nſ
anſam. bhaɔap hullaɔ ac ol a tſſ feto-
lymſɔ mſc ɔaſll ſceſaſſſ Conſubayſ. bu
ɔan beaſ jɔɔ fheɔlymſɔ ſſn ac aſſeɔ ɔon
tſluag oſ a cſɔɔ acaſ ſſ ɔonaɔ. ɔaſſſnɔell
ɔon acaſ ɔuſbrenn, acaſ nɔ laſatt ɔaſſ
meuſceɔ.

2l mbatar do lepuḡaḡo. Luḡo in ben
 d) au h'jmdaj. 2lc dul d) dar lār in tḡe
 po ḡreḡ in lenur in a bḡuḡin co cloḡ
 ḡo'n leḡ ul). 2ltpaḡḡ ceḡ ḡer d) alalju
 ḡ in tḡḡ laḡ an ḡreḡe co mpaḡar cḡin ar
 cḡin. ḡ an hḡoḡuḡuḡuḡ 2lētḡo mac
 2lḡlḡlu, nā cuḡḡo cor d)ḡ a ḡccu. Tucḡar
 cūcuḡin in ben ol ḡe co ḡaḡmaḡ cḡo d)ḡ
 tā

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HISTORIC TALE

OF THE

DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

WHENCE the banishment of the sons of Usnach? Not difficult. The Ulster nobles were feasting in the mansion of Felim, son of Dall, Conor's storyteller. Then was the wife of this Felim, at attendance upon the multitude (*of guests*) over them, and she *heavily* pregnant. Goblets and coviviality go about, and they uttered noise of exhilaration.

They were about going to bed. The lady was moving towards her bed. As she passed through the midst of the house, the child screamed in her womb, so as to be heard entirely throughout the fort. Every man ran from his quarters in the house till they were *all together*. Here Atchy, son to Allil, exclaimed, "Stir not youths, let the woman
" be

տա յի Ելմ զի. Զսսսս Էսսս յարս յի
 Ես. Իս ան Խրքս ԲԵԼԻՄԻՃ Ե ԵԼԻ, ՏԻ
 Ելմ Երեմոն ԵրԵՐԵՐ, [ԵԵ, Եր ԲԵ,
 Երեմիս ԿՕՐ Երսի, Երքս ԵրսԵՐ,
 ԵԼԵԲԵՐ ԵԼԵՐԵՐ, ԶԼՈՒ ԵՕ ԵԶԻՐ Երե
 ԵրմաՐ, մօր մաճ ԵԶ ԵԵ ԵԶԵՐ, մօ
 ԵրսԵՐ Եր ԵրԵՐԵՐԵՐ. Իս ան րօ ԼԵԵԴԻ
 ԵՕ ԵԶԵԵՐ Եր ԵԵ ԿԻՃ-ԿԵ. Իս ան Խրքս
 ԵԶԵԵՐ, ԵԼԵՄ ԵԶԵԵՐ ԵԵՄՈՒԵՐ, ԵԵՐ,
 ԵԵՐ, մօր, մօճԵԵ, Երքս Եր
 ԵրԵՐԵՐ ԵրսԵՐ; ԿԻ ԵԵՐԵՐ ԲԵԼԻՄԻՃ, Եր
 ԵԵ ԼԵՄ ԿԵՐ ԿԵՐ ԿԵՐԼԵ ԿԵՐԵՐԵՐ ԿԵ,
 Եր ԵԵՐ ԿԵՐ ԵԵՐԵԼԵՐ ԵԵՐ ԿՕ Երսի
 ԵԵՐ ԿՕՐ ԵրսԵՐ ԵԵՐԵՐ. Իս ան Խ
 Երքս ԵԶԵԵՐ ԿՕՐ ԵրսԵՐ ԵԵՐԵՐ
 ԵԵ ԿԵՐԵՐ ԵրսԵՐ ԵԵՐԵԼԵՐ, ԵԵԵԵ ԿԵՐԵՐ,
 ԵԵԼԼ ԶԼԵԲԵՐ ԵԵՐ, Ե ԶԵԵԵ ԶԵՐԵՐԵՐ,
 ԿԵՐ ԵԶ ԵԵԵԵ, ԵԵԼԵՐԵՐ ԵԵՐ Ե ԵԵՐԵՐ
 ԵԵ-ԵՐ ԵԵՐԵՐ Ե ԵԵՐ ԵԵՐԵՐԵՐ, Ե
 ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵՐԵՐ ԵԵՐ ԵԵԼԵՐ; ԵԵ ԿԵՐ ԿԵՐ
 ԿՕԼԵՐԵՐ, ԵԵԵ ԵԵՐ ԵԵՐԵՐ, ԵԵԵ
 ԵԵՐԵՐ

“be brought to us,” says he, “that we may know
 “whence is this *noise* of alarm.” The woman
 was then brought to them. Then said Felim, her
 husband, what violent noise is it that spreads
 alarm through the house, woman, saith he; it
 sounds from thy womb; roars from thy com-
 prehension; ears hear it; a gleam of strong light
 is its similitude. Many an individual within its
 compass. My hardy blood it wounds. Then
 she resorted to Cathbad, for he was a man of
 intelligence. Then Cathbad said, “Listen unto
 Cathbad of mild generosity, civil, a great mild
 chief, magnified, exalted through science of
 Druidism.” Then Felim said, “Since mine are not
 the fair words of explaining knowledge, as
 women I understand not; what in concealment
 within thy womb screamed *so loud*.” Then
 Cathbad said, “under the girdle round thy
 “womb hath screamed a female infant of shin-
 “ing yellow hair, of poignant eyes, of ears
 “sensitive to sound; her cheek of purple red,
 “with the colour of snow; I compare her teeth to
 “pearls; I identify her lips to strawberries; a
 “virgin from whom shall arise many misfortunes to
 “the Ultonians: Within she fatalizes; in your womb
 “loud speaks a virgin fair, comely and limber-
 “haired: Many heroes shall contend, many a
 “sovereign

апрѣдъ явѣаѣат; бжѣ явѣу тримѣор-
ѣаѣ ѡчлѣ ѣоѣсѣѣ Chončubajr, бжѣ а бѣол
парѣуиѣдеѣдъ им а дѣѣаѣ немунѣо ѡрѣѣ
мѣѣѣѣѣѣѣ аѣѣ-рѣѣѣѣ ѡрѣѣ а сѣѣѣ ѣѣѣѣѣѣ
ѣѣѣѣѣѣѣ.

Dorat jarysujou in Catbað a lam xor bna
 na mna, gur no deyrtrhtar in lenb
 xo a lam. Fjr, or se, ingin xsl ann, acas
 bjð Deydre a hajm, acas bjð olcc uymr.
 Zleas do genuyr ind ingun jaram, acas
 jbernt Catbað lajð:

21 Dhejntre ma ndëra mën,
Diamëa coëmajneë clobëan;
Ceqxaxto Ulat nêd' nê,
21 jngjun xhjin fheoljmeo.

Ыажд ѣтеѣ еад іартаіи,
Дод дајз а бѣ хри лафун;
Іх ит аймшир клинते се,
Луингжуу тхи мац н-Ушлїине.

И аз аманъ, зми дремен,
Зента яруи ноемун;

6, 8

“sovereign shall seek; she shall be reared on the
 “wealth of the heavy produce of Conor’s province.
 “Her lips will be strawberry red over her splendid
 “teeth. Sovereign princes will be violently cap-
 “tivated by her beauteous bright form.”

After this Cathbad laid his hand on the womb
 of the woman, in such manner, that the infant
 sprung beneath his hand. “True,” says he, “a
 “daughter it is, and let Deirdri be her name, and
 “evil will come of her.” And the female child
 was born forthwith, and Cathbad spoke this lay:

O! Deirdri, on whose account there shall be
 great weeping,
 Whom groupes of women will envy;
 The Ultonians will be afflicted in thy time,
 O daughter fair of Feilim!—

Many will be jealous, hereafter,
 Of thy face, O virgin, of flaming beauty;
 It is in your time heard shall be
 The banishment of the three sons of Usnach.

It is in your time a deed of wrath
 Will be hereafter perpetrated in Eman;

There

bɪd at dɾeé coll, cɪd ɪaɾɬaɪn,
Do ɣoetɣat mɪc ɾɪʒ ɾoʒmaɪn.

ɪɣ tɾɪut, a bē combaɪl,
Luɪnʒɪuɣ fɛɾʒuɣa o Ullɬaɪb,
ʒlɛaɣ ʒɪɪɪ aɾ coēmɣat ɬaɪn,
ʒuɪn fɪača, mɪc Concubɪaɪn.

ɪɣ at éɪn, a bē combaɪl,
ʒuɪn Eɾʒɛ mɪc ɪlladɪaɪn,
ʒlɛaɣ ʒɪɪɪ nat luʒa ɣmaét,
Oɾʒaɪn Eoʒaɪn mɪc Duɾɬaét.

Do dɛna ʒɪɪɪ ɪʒɾaɪɪna ɪʒaɾʒ,
ʒɪɾ ɣɛɪdɪɪɪ ɾɪ n'Ulað nað aɾd;
bɪaɪd do lɛétɪaɪn ɪnaé dú,
bɪd ɣcɛl naɾdɪɾɛc a Dheɪɾdɪɪu.

15 ɪaɾbɬaɾ ɪɪd ɪnʒɛɪ, ol ɪɪd oɪcc. N'ɪcð,
ol Concubɪaɾ, bɛɾdɪaɾ ɪɪumɣo ɪɪd ɪnʒɛɪ
ɪmbuaɾuéc, acaɣ aɪɣɪɬɛɾ dɪm dɪm ɾɛɪɾ ɣɛɪɪ,
acaɣ bɪd ɣɪ bɛɪ bɪaɣ ɪɪ ɣhaɾɾuð. ʒlɛaɣ ɪɪ
ɾo ɪaɪɪɣat Ulað acoɪccɛɾɬ: Do ʒɪɪd oɪ
aɪlaɪd ɪaɾuɪɪ, co mbo ɣɪ ɪnʒɛɪ ɪɣ mōɾɪɪɪɪɪɪɪ
ɾo

There is objection in thy visage, tho' it be hereafter,
That shall destroy a prince's mighty sons.

'Tis in thy destiny, O! virgin of beauty,
The banishment of Fergus from Ulster,
And the deed that hath contracted disgrace,
The *mortal* wound of Fiacra, son of Conor.

'Tis in thy fate, O! virgin of beauty,
The wound of Ergi, son of Illadan,
And a deed of no less punishment,
The destruction of Eogan, son of Duthrecht.

There shall be wrought a deed, foul and fierce,
Under the influence of the king of Ulster, of high
 accomplishments;
Your little heap shall be not in its due place,
Thou shalt be, a tale wondrous, O! Deirdri.

Let the female child be killed, say the young
men. Not so, saith Conor, the female child shall
be taken by me to-morrow, and she shall be reared
at my own accord, and shall be the woman (wife)
who will be with me, (my companion.) And
Ulster dared not counsel him to the contrary: The
thing was done so consequently, and she became

buj jnd Eru, a lēf xo leč no nalt co nač
 ʔajccjo neč d'Ulltajb žuf jn tan no ʔoad
 la Conēubar, acaʔ nʃ buj neč no lectj
 k jnd lʃ ačt a h'oʔte, acaʔ a mujmu na
 h'ingenu don, acaʔ Lebapčam ap na h'ēta-
 žabajl dʃjnd, ap ba bančājnte.

ʔečtuʔ dʃn buj a h'ajtkʃ aʒ ʔennud lojʒ
 ʔočlaj ʔop ʃm ʃnečta amojʒ k jn nžam-
 muč dʃa ʔhujm dʃj co nʔhacoʃ m jn ʔjač
 hʃcc ol jna ʔolu ʔop ʃm ʃnečta. k ann
 kʔepʔ ʃj ʔnja Lebapčam no bad jmmajm
 em ʔep ʔopʔ' mbečʔ na teopu dačo
 uccut, jočon, jn ʔolt amajl jn ʔjač, acaʔ
 jn žruajd amajl jn ʔhujl, acaʔ jn corp
 amajl jn ʃnečta. Opdan acaʔ toccad
 duʔt, ap Lebapčam, nʃ cjan uajt, ata hʃ
 tojʒ hʃt ʔarpuč, jočon N'oʃʃ mac Uʔneč.
 Njmbam ʃlan ʃlaj am, ol ʃj, con ʔacap.

ʔečt nand dʃn buj ʃm jn tʃ N'oʃʃ a
 aen ʔop dōe jn apadajjna, h'Emno hʃc an
 doʔd—ba bjnn jmoʔno jn doʔd mac
 n-Uʔneč. Ceč bō acaʔ ceč mʃol at clujmuč
 no mbljžtʃ dā tʃjan mblečtaj d'ʔopcpajd,
 ceč dujne no clujmuč balōp ʃtēuʃjnd acaʔ
 oʃnʔtʃ

the most beautiful young woman in Ireland. It was in a lone fort she was nursed, so that she saw not one of the Ultonians until she was betrothed to Conor ; and there was not let into the fort but the young lady's tutor and nurse particularly, and Levarcam, who acted as an intervening messenger, for she was a conversation woman, (a poetess.)

On a time then her tutor was slaying a veal calf in the snow, outside in the winter, to prepare food for her, she saw a raven drinking the blood in the snow : Then she says to Levarcam—Lovely truly would the man be who were marked with those three colours ; that is, the hair like the raven, and the cheek like the blood, and the body like the snow. Designation and choice are yours, says Levarcam, not far from you ; he is in the house with you, namely, Naisi, son of Usnach. I cannot be well a day then, says she, till I see him.

On a time, then, this very Naisi was quite alone on the plains of Eman, playing on a musical instrument—sweet truly was the music of the sons of Usnach. Every cow or other animal that heard it, used to milk two-thirds more than usual ; every human being who heard it, was overcome with the
delight

0117128 DOJB.—ba majt ejm a n-zahejo
don. Cja no bet cojejuž Cončubajn h'jmo
aen baslj jmo aēt cor po čujno caē djb
a norum fja naslj nj berdaŋ buajō djb
ar febuŋ an urflajōj acas an h'jmōjtjn;
ba comluž dji fja comjō oc tofhuic,
no marbdaj na fjadō ar luaŋ.

2lm buſſum don a aēnar in tſ Noſſi
 amuſſ nuſ ētlann Deſſon ſucuy amajl
 bſo do dul ſeoča acas nſnaſt ſeoſn. Iſ
 caeſn ol ſeiſſum, in inſen tēt ſeočunt.
 Dleſar, ol ſſſ, inſena ſēme baſle na bſt
 oſſſſſ; a tā ſer in coſceſt laſſa, ol ſei-
 ſſum. No toſſſſſſſſ eſſſſſ, ar noſſſ, ar
 ſſſ, acas no ſeſſſſſ ſer ſaſ amajlſſa.
 Nſto, ol ſeiſſum, cſo ſo bſtſn ſaſſſſſe.
 Iſ don ſēmeſſo a deſſſſ ſſn, ol ſſſ. bſo
 do inoſſſo, ol ſeiſſum. Laſoſſſſ ſo ceſſo
 ſſ beſſ ſſſſe co ruſar aſano ſor a ēſn.
 Dano meſe, acas cuſſſſſſſ inſſſo, ol ſſ,
 man o mberuſa. 2lſſſ uajm, a beſn, ol
 ſe; noſ mſſa ſn, uar ſſſ, do mber laſoſſſſ
 ar a inoſſſſſſ acas ſſn. 2lmaſt at ēual-
 aſar Ulaſo anonna anſoſſ, a traſſ ſaē
 ſer

delight of its harmony. — Their valour too was transcendent. Though Conor's province should be about them in one place, when each set his back to the other, they would not overcome them, so superior was their action and defence. They were as fleet as hounds at chase; they slew deer with their speed.

As Naisi, in particular, was alone abroad, Deirdri threw herself in his way, and as she passed by, uttered not a word. "Mild is the dame who passeth by," says he. "It is natural for damsels to be mild where there are no youths," says she. "The man of the province is with you," says he. "I would make a choice between you both," says she, "and would prefer a young man such as you." "Not so," says he, "though it is in consequence of apprehension." "It is for avoidance of me thou sayest that," says she. "Be it so then," says he. With this she flung a ball at him, which struck his head. "A stroke of disgrace through life's extent is this," says she, "if you take me not." "Depart from me, woman," says he. "Thou wilt be in disgrace," says she. With this she took his instrument and played. When Ulster heard the music in that quarter, every man of them separated

քեր ըօծ ըյա ՚լ այլե. Լօտար մյե Այկին
 հյաճ ըօ տայրմեհս a մերաճար. “Շյօ ոօ
 “ ըօտայ, օլ յաշ, ուճ ոօշ ծօնուօ Ալաժ աշ
 շյնուժ.” Իհ անն աշ շյալօ ըօշօ a ոօօր-
 ճնուօ քրհ. “ իյալօ օլսս ըե” օլ յի օլսս.
 “ Շյա եշ, ոօշս իյալօ քօ մեծայլ շէյն եմնի
 “ յ մեշույժ. Քաշմայն լեա իյ տյր ո-այլս.
 Նյ քլ յնն Երյնն ղյ ոա տյերյ քայլտե ըւյնն.”
 Բաշար քաշ a օմսյրլե. Քօ յմէշար յնն
 օյժէյ տի շաւսօ լաւէ ըօշօ, աքաշ տիյ շաւսօ
 Բան, աքաշ տիյ շաւսօ օոն, աքաշ տիյ շօւսօ
 ոշլլօ, աքաշ Զէյրօրե քսմա շայլէ օօ մքսյ
 Էտսրո. Բաշար քօր քօւքամայլօ մօր տյն-
 շլլ ո-Էրենն, օօ ոօ տիյալտա a ոօյսեննաժ
 օօ մենսս տիյա յնտլեօւյլօ ՇօնսօԲայր, օ տա
 Էքսուայլօ տյմէլլ ո-Էրենո քայրժեհ աքաշ
 օօ Բէյնն Էտայր քօյր-շյալօ արհհ. Չիւրայ տիյա
 օոն տօ ոօ ահնշար Ալաժ տայրհ իյ քրիշ
 ո-ՉլլԲան, օօ ոշալօքիտ յ ոօյշքսլօ ոանն: ան
 Զսար ոօ քաշէ ըօշօ քիաժօէ յն տ-քլէյլե, ըօ
 քլլկաշ ար շէտրայլօ քիեր ո-ՉլլԲան. Զօ շօտար
 քիժե ըյա ոօյլշյնն յնն օեն լօ; օօ ոօւսօճա-
 տար ըօ քսմ ոշճ ՉլլԲան, օոն տօ ոօ ճայլօ յ
 ո-ա ունտերս, աքաշ ոօ ճայլօ անքայն
 աքա.

քէշտս

separated from the other. The sons of Uslinn rushed forth to remonstrate with their brother. "What are you about," say they, "is not there the fated destruction of Ulster?" Then he told them what had passed with him. "Evil will come of it," say the youths. "Although there should, I will be in disgrace while I live. We will go with her to another country. There is not in Erin a king who will not give us welcome." They then held a council, and departed that night with three times fifty men of might; and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants, and Deirdri like another among them. They were at shiftings all around Erin, and in danger of being cut off frequently by the devices of Conor, from Esro (*Ballyshanon*) round Erin, south-west, and to Binedar, (*Howth*), north-east again. However, at length they sailed by Ulster into the region of Alba, (*modern Scotland*), and settled in a wild therein. When the chase of the mountain failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alba. These assembled to extirpate them in one day. They resorted to the king of Alba, who took them in his friendship, and admitted them into military service.

ԲԵՇԵՄԱՆ, ԵՄ, ԼՍԻՍ ԲԵՇԵՄԱՆ ԵՄ
 ըՅՑ ԵՄԱՆ ՄՈՇ ԶՍ ՈՐ ԼՍ ԵՄ յՄՈ ՏԵՇ-ՏՈՅՈ
 ԵՄ յ-ԽԱՐԿՈ ԵՄ ԼԱՆԱՄԱՆ ԵՄ Ա ԵՄԼՈՒՇ;
 ԵՄ ԵՄԱՅԻ ԵՄԱՆ ԶՍ ՈՐ ԵՄԽԻՅ ԵՄ ըՅՑ. ՈՐ
 ԽԱՐԱՄԱՆ ԵՄ ԵՄԽԱԼԱՏՈ ԵՄ յՄԱՅ ԶՍ
 Ա յ-ԵՄ; ԱՐ ԲԵ. ԵՄ ԵՄ Ա ԽԱՅ ՈՐԽԱ յՄԵ
 ԵՄԼԱՆ ԵՄԽԱԼՈ ըՅՑ ԵՄԽԱՐ ԵՄԱՆ ԵՄ յՄԱՅ.
 ԽԱՐԵՅԱՐ ԽՈ ԵՄԵՈՅ յՄ ԵՄ ՈՐԽԱ ԵՄԱՏ ԽՈԱՇ
 ԵՄ յՅՅԱ ԼԱՇ-ԽԱ, ՈՐ յՄ ԲԵՇԵՄԱՆ. ԵՄԵ, ՈՐ
 ԵՄ ըՅՑ, ԱՇԷ ԵՄԵԵՏ ԵՄ ԶՍԻՍ ԽՈ ԵՄԻՇ.
 ԵՄ ԶՅՅԱՐ ՈՐ; ԱՐ ԱՇ ԵՄԽԱՇ ԵՄՈՐՈ ԵՄ
 ԲԵՇԵՄԱՆ ԽՅԱ-ԽԱ ԵՄԱՇԵ. ԵՄ ԽԵՇԱԵ-ԽԱ
 ԵՄ ԵՄ ԱՐ ՈՐԵՇ ԽՈ ԵՄԵ-ՈՐ. ԵՄ յՄ ՈՐ
 ԵՄԱՇ յՄ ԵՄ. ՈՐ ԵՄԽԱ ԽՈՐԱՅԻ ՄԱԵՍԻ
 ԵՄԼԱՆ, ԵՄԱ ԵՄ յՅԱՅԵՅԻ ԵՄԱՏ ԵՄ ԵՄԱՅ,
 ԵՄԱՏ ԵՄՈՅԵԼԱՐ, ՈՐ ԵՄԱՅ ԶՍ ՈՐ ՄԱՐԵՅԱՅ,
 ԱՐԱՅԻ ԵՄԱՐ ԽՈ ԱՐ ԵՄԱՆ ԵՄԱՆ ԵՄ յՄ
 ԵՄԱՇ յՅ ԵՄԻ Խ յՄ ԵՄԱՅ ԽԱ. ՈՐ ԵՄՈՒԼԵ
 ԽԱ ԵՄԱՆ ԵՄ ՄԱՐԵԱՇ ԵՄ յՄ-Ա ԵՄԱՆԼԵ
 ԽԱԽԱ. ԵՄԽԵՇ ԽԱ ԵՄ ՈՐԽԱ. ԵՄԵՈՅ ԱՏ,
 ՈՐ ԽԱ-ԽԱ; ՄԱ յՄ ԵՄԱՅ ԱՏ ԵՄ ՈՇԷ ՈՇ ՄԱՐԵ-
 ՅԱՐ ԵՄ ՄԱՐԱՇ. ԼՈՅԱՐ ԱՏ յՄ ԱՅԵՇ ԽԱ ԵՄ
 ՄԵՅԱՐ ԵՄ ԵՄ ՄԱՐՈ. ԵՄ ԽԱՅԱՐ ԵՄ
 ԵՄԱՅ ՈՐ.

Խ յՅՅ, Ա ԽՈՇՈՅԱՐ, ՈՐ ԵՄԱՇ, ԵՄԱՆ
 ԵՄ ՄԱԵՅ ԵՄԼԱՆ ԵՄ ԵՄԻ յՄԱՇ յՄ ԵՄԱՆ
 ԵՄՈՇ.

On a particular time, then, the king's steward went on a morning early, and made a circuit round this mansion, and saw the couple asleep. He after went and awoke the king. "We have not found a wife meet for you until this day. There is in the bed of Naisi, son of Usnach, a woman meet for the sovereign of the west of the world. Let Naisi himself be at once killed, and espouse the damsel thyself," says the steward. "No," says the king, "but go thou to solicit her privately." It is done so. The steward communicates with her towards night. She informs her husband of it that night upon the first opportunity; so that the thing was not accomplished. It was then given in command to the sons of Usnach to go into dangers and battles and difficulties, in expectation that they might be slain in such engagements. The men of Alba were assembled to slay them by his orders besides. She informed Naisi: "Hence away," says she, "if you go not off to-night, you will be slain to-morrow." They departed thence that night, and went into a sea-girt isle. This was made known to the Ultonians.

"It is a pity, O! Conor," said Ulster, "that the sons of Usnach should fall in an enemy's
Y "region,

Ծրօճ-միւս. Եւ քերի ա զօմարէ՛տ ահա՛ ա
 միաժա՛ծ, ահա՛ Խի ի-յմցւի, ահա՛ յօրժէ՛տ
 Ծօյժ Ծիա յի, զԾա՛հ ա յիշիմ Լիա ա իայմիւ.
 Զեւտ Ծօն, զԿոնքոբար, ահա՛ յաճատ ծօր
 Ե'ամրարու՛. Երար շուօ յիւի-յի. Ի՛հ քօ
 շէն Լիւ, զԵատ, ահա՛ իաճար ահա՛ յաէտ
 քերցւի քիւի ա զօմարի, ահա՛ Ծիւժա՛ւ,
 ահա՛ Կօրմա՛ս մա՛ Կոնքոբար. Զիաճատ-յիժե,
 զօ իճաճատ ա Լիայի Ծի միւ. Եւ յարմ
 Խիւօհիւմ յի քերցւի Ծի ցիւրօ Ծօ
 ԿօրմանԾա՛յ, ա զօմարի Կոնքոբար, արիւ
 մերտատար մա՛ Լիւիւ իա՛ Կօմիւ ի՛հ յաճի
 Ե'իա՛ծ ի-Երօն իիա միա՛ծ Կոնքոբար. Լիւժ
 յարմ քիա՛ւա՛ծ մա՛ Կոնքոբար ծօ քերցւի
 Լօ, ահա՛ արիւ քերցւի ահա՛ Ծիւժա՛ւ, ահա՛
 Լօտար մի Լիւիւ զօ մատար ար քիշէ՛
 ի-Եմիւ.

Ի՛հ ան յանք Եւգիւ մա՛ Զերտա՛ւ, ի՛հ
 քերմոյճե, Ծօ Կօրա քի Կոնքոբար, ար իօ
 Եւ յիւ Ե'իժ քիւ քի Կիւնօ. Ի՛հ Եիւիժի
 իօ Երիւա՛ծ Ծիա մարիւա՛ծ ահա՛ արիւ Կոն-
 քոբար յի Կօ իա յիշտիւ շիւ-յիւ. Եատար,
 յօրիւ, մի Լիւիւ յ ի-ա քիւմ, ահա՛ յիւ
 արիւ յ ի-ա քիւն քօր յիա Խիւն Եմիւ.
 Լիւժ

“region, on account of a blameable woman. It
 “were better to confine, and support them, and
 “to slay them on coming to their own country,
 “than that they should fall by their foes.” Let
 “them come then,” says Conor, “and let it be
 “to obedience. Let this fact be made known to
 “them.” “We delight in this,” said they, and
 “will send to them, and let Fergus enter into
 “guaranty with us, and Dubthach, and Cormac,
 “son of Conor. Let them come till we take them
 “into hand from beyond sea.” It was afterwards
 enjoined on Fergus, by design of Conor, to go to
 a feast, and that the sons of Usnach should give
 solemn asseveration that they would not partake of
 Erin’s food before the food of Conor. Then Fiach,
 son of Conor, went with Fergus along with them ;
 and Fergus and Dubthach tarried ; and the sons of
 Usnach hastened until they were on the plain of
 Eman.

Then came Eogan, son of Duthrect, king of
 Fermanagh, to submit to Conor ; for he had
 been at enmity with him for a great while. It
 was he who was sent to slay them, at the head
 of Conor’s soldiery, that they should not come
 unto himself. The sons of Usnach were then
 standing on the green of Eman, and the soldiery
 sitting.

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sitting. Eogan then hastily approached solely on the lawn. Fergus's son moved up and took one hand of Naisi. He salutes them with a furious blow of a large javelin, piercing Naisi therewith, so that it came out at his back. At this the son of Fergus threw both his arms around Naisi, so as to put them around him above and below; and so was Naisi slain down through the son of Fergus; and after this were the troops slain all over the lawn, so that none escaped, except only such as made their way by the point of javelin, or the wound of sword; and Deirdri was handed over to Conor. Her hands were bound behind her back. All this was directly conveyed to Fergus, as well as to Cormac and Dubthach. They move on at once to do desperate deeds. Dubthach slew Maini, son of Conor; and Fiachna, son of Feilim, Conor's daughter's son, was wounded at the same time; and Fergus slew Tragatren, son of Tragletan; and Conor was put to flight by them; and a battle was fought between them on the same day, in which three hundred of the Ultonians were slain between them; and Eman was burnt by Fergus. Where they went after was to Allil and Mey; for they knew that they were a couple that would kindly receive them; and that they were not affectionately dispose

fejnecj d) hUlltajb; tpeca cēo baſaḏ allju
 in a lujngjuſ. So ceni ſē mbljaḏajni decc
 n) ruſ an ſol, na ſp)ṭ leu jnn Ulltajb, aēt
 ſol acaſ ſp)ṭ leu ſaē n-a)ḏēj.

Imtuſa Dhejndri, bljaḏajni d)ſi tpa h) ſaſt
 Chonēobajni, acaſ in bljaḏajni n) tjb ſen no
 ſajnnju, acaſ n) dōjg h) ſaſt do bjuḏ na
 lunguḏ na čodluč, acaſ n) tvaſccuſb a
 a ceni dja ſlun. In tan doṭ mbejntſ na
 hojntſjḏ h) a tēč h) ann h) mberjuč ſi in
 peem ſi ſiſ:

Čjo caſni ljb jno loēčnuḏ lujno,
 Cenſta jno Ema)ni jaſ točujm!
 Žljndju do čjndjſ dja t)g,
 Tpj mje adlaēčda Ujſnjg.

Nōjſi cojmjḏ comlan caſni,
 ſolccuḏ lujmſo dō ſone)ni;
 Žljndān co n-a)ḏm na mucc maſ,
 Žſccclajg Žljndl) djaſ ſhejndāſ.

Čjo mjlſ ljp in mjo maſ,
 Jpjuſ macc Neſi njtmaſ,

ba

disposed towards Ulster; thirty hundred was the amount of their adherents into exile. To the end of sixteen years, wailing and hot anguish ceased not in Ulster, but there were wailing and hot anguish every night.

Deirdri was for a year indeed in the bed of Conor, and during that year she neither smiled nor laughed, nor took sufficiency of food, drink, or sleep, nor raised her head from her knee. When musicians would attend at her mansion, then would she utter this rhapsody:

Lament ye the mighty warriors,
Assassinated in Eman on coming!
Stately would they arrive at home,
The three mighty sons of Usnach.

Naisi, companion accomplished, mild,
Lament him at once with me;
Ardan, subduer of the luxurious boar,
Bewail Andli of mighty vigour.

Tho' sweet to you the mellow mead
Drank by the son of Nessa voluptuous,

Ever

ba haḡbim nam nem xon bu,
 baḡd macc no baḡd mllm.

O no xernad Noḡm nār,
 fuluēt xon xedub xanclār,
 ba mllmum ḡac buḡd xo ml
 2lr aralaḡd mje Uḡlm.

Cḡd bmm lḡ an caḡne,

Cuḡlmud m corraḡne;

M m cubuḡd do 'n mḡ,

Ro cualo ceol buḡd bmd.

bmm la Concobar m mḡ,

Cuḡlmud m corraḡm;

ba bmm lem-xo cloḡ nell,

Sḡan no ḡeḡḡm mje Uḡlenn.

xoḡar tmm trom Noḡm,

ba ceol bmm a bḡclom;

Cobla 2lrḡm no buḡd maḡ,

xomud 2lmm d'a mḡḡ.

Noḡm do nomḡd a xhem,

ba dmm m comḡḡḡ;

Ever more delightful to me thro' life,
The fare of the sons was sweeter.

Whenever mighty Naisi would set out
To hunt the woods, the fair wide plains,
Every food was more delicious than honey
Caught by the sons of Usnach.

Tho' sweeter to you is the dirge
Of pipes and horn trumpets ;
It is my assurance to the king,
I heard more melodious music.

Delightful to Conor, the king,
Are pipes and trumpets ;
More delightful to me the airy strain,
The melody sung by the sons of Usnach.

Deep sound of surge *was* Naisi,
Sweet music was its constant hearing ;
Ardan's voice was truly excellent,
And Ainli's sounding song towards his green
booth.

Naisi's grave has been made,
Sorrowful indeed was its consequence ;

Z

He

Do podaluſ dromſ trja alt,
Do 'n' dſg toinaſg dja n-erbalt.

Imnuj berčan ajle blaſ,
Tučtač dujine cſd dſmblaſ;
ba dſrſſi na tpeſco j n-juſ!—
Mac Uſſiſg doſd naſoju!—

Imnuj cobſuſd čaſſ,
Imnaſi oſlan aſd jmaſſ;
Jaſ n-jmtečt ſjuſd moſgſ ſaſſ,
Imnuj cuſtaſd hſ tjuſnaſſ.

Imnuj ſuſl glaſ čaſdſſ mna,
ba h-amnaſ ſſi h-ečtra;
Jaſ cuarſ coſſſi comuſſ ſoeſſ,
Imnuj a noſuſd trja dubraeſſ.

Nſ colla tra,
Zleaſ mſ coſceſa mſ n-ſne;
ſoſſte nſ toeſd jm aſſe,
Oſ na taſdeſt mſce Uſſle.

Nſ collaſd
Leč na haſtočē jm luſſju;

He supplied numbers, by might,
Of waving beverage, in their slaughter.

Delightful their birth of most beauteous bloom,
Whose manhood rose to highest vigour ;
How sad the consequence to-day !—
The sons of Usnach have been immolated !—

Dear their sweet converse,
Dear their youthful vigour of high might ;
In their passage thro' the plain of Fál, (*Erin*,)
Welcome was the approach of their valorous
prowess.

Dear their blue eyes, that fair ones loved,
They were admired in their peregrinations ;
On searching round the forest in liberal sport,
Delightful their movement o'er the dusky moor.

I sleep not at any time,
And my complexion is not blooming ;
Sounds of exultation affect me not,
Since the sons of Usnach come not.

I sleep not
Half the night as I lie ;

My

fo cejro mo čejl jm dpuigo,
Seč nj lunzo njetbju.

faletj hj n-jum nj dom uajh,
J ndajl lenno erccar fajh;
Na fjd na subo na fam,
Na teč mar na cumtač rjž.

Žli tan don buj Cončubar aca hajlgmūdā
fj, k anisji az berjč fj an pecm-fj fjh:

Žl Cončubajh, cjd not tač
Da purmaj dam broh fo čoj,
k heč jm cejn cejn no majh,
Do fcel ljm nj bamajh.

Nj rob ajlj lem fo njm,
Žlcas nj rob jmajmb,
Rucujh uajm,—mor jn bēd,—
conač ajcubfa com ēž.

Žli mžnjuf k torfi ljm,
Tečt jm amar mje n-ŬŬlunni;
Curnan cjdub dar corp n-žel,
ba suajčnjde seč ju.

My senses are scattered away,
Nor do I relish food or drink.

Welcome to me are not to-day,
The cordial liquors quaffed by nobles ;
Nor ease, nor comfort, nor delight,
Nor splendid mansion, nor palace of a king.

When Conor was endeavouring to sooth her, it
was then she uttered the following dirge:

O! Conor, tho' thou be
Soliciting me from my sorrow and weeping,
It is my fate while I live,
The tale to me is not acceptable.

What was most beauteous to me beneath the
sky,
And what was most lovely to me,
Thou hast taken from me,—great the anguish,—
I shall not get healed of it to my death.

The affliction that is sadness to me,
The coming of the slaughter of Usnach's sons
through me ;
Black corses made of their fair frames,
That were splendid above numbers.

Da ngruat̃ corcra caſne ſpat,
 beſl derz, abra ʒo dael dat;
 Deoſſi nemonita ʒo dſ,
 Almaſl ſed dat ſnečtaſdſ.

ba ſuačnat̃ a erpat̃ glan,
 Itſſ ʒhanni ʒer n-Alban;
 ſuan caſi corcra, cumtač cōſſ,
 Cona tſmtačmuſſ derzōſſ.]

Inar ſnōldo,—ſed co mbrſſ,
 I mbuſ cēt̃t ngeſ ſlarſſſſ;
 For a jndeniſſ ſ gle,
 Caeco uſſe d' ʒſniōruſſſſe.

Clasdēm ordurſſi jn a lāſſſ,
 Dā ʒaſ glaſo co nſotſſſſſ;
 ſjnden co n-dat̃ ōſſ buſdē,
 Alcaſ tul arccuſt ʒurſſ.

For ʒuſč ſſſſſ ſerzūſ ʒſſſ,
 Alſ taburſt dar ſſſ morſſſſſ;
 Ro ſſſ a oſneč ar cuſſſſ,
 Do poſpataſ a morſſſſſſſ.

Спан

Two ruddy cheeks of softest lineament, (Naisi's)
 Ruby lips, brows of the chafer's hue ;
 Two rows of splendid teeth,
 Like pearls of snowy white.

Splendid was his vesture fair,
 Among the mighty of Alba's host ;
 A cassock of bright purple, rightly shaped,
 With its fringe of brilliant gold.

A garb of satin,—precious ornament,
 Wherein were an hundred polished gems ;
 For whose fair fitting, brightly shone,
 Fifty hooks of silver.

A sword of golden hilt graced his hand,
 Two blue-green javelins of brightful point ;
 A dirk with osprey's of golden gleam,
 And a hilt of silver on it.

Sent to us was Fergus fair,
 To bring us o'er the wide main ;
 He gratified his dignity at a feast,
 His redoubtable might, (*the sons of Usnach*) were
 slain.

However

Cjan o bečŕ ƣor ſſi muſſ,
 Ulaſ iſſiſſi Concubur;
 Doſ mberuſſi ar ƣač leč
 2lſ ƣiſſi Noſſi iſſe Uſſeč.

Na bſſi hſſiſſi mo čraſſi,
 Muſ ſſečſſi mu močſſiſſi;
 Iſ tpeſſi comanſſi a maſſi,
 Mo ɔač o la, Chončobur!

Cſo ſo mo mſſečſſi lač at čſi? ar Con-
 čubar. Tuſa eſſi orſſi, acaſ Eoſſan mac
 Duſtačt. bſaſſi bſačſſiſſi hſ ƣaſſi Euccuſſi
 ɔon, ar Cončubar. Duſ mberſ euraſſi Con-
 čubar ƣor laum Euccuſſi. Ločar jaſſi na
 maſſi ɔo čſiſſi Muſſeſſiſſi. buſ ſſi ar cul
 Euguſſi hſ caſſaſſi. ɔo paſſiſſiſſi ſſi, na
 h'aſſečſſiſſi a ɔa čeſſiſſi, hſ talſiſſi. Maſč,
 a Dheſſiſſi, ol Cončubar, ſſiſſi coeſſiſſi etſſi
 ɔa pečſi ƣiſſiſſi etſſiſſi acaſ Eugaſſi. Ro
 buſ ol cločſſi ar na čſiſſi; po leccſi a čeſſi
 iſſi mon cločſſi, co ɔɔeſſiſſi bſuſſeč ɔſa čſiſſi
 conač po maſſi.

Luſſiſſiſſi mac i-Uſſiſſiſſi aſſiſſi, acaſ
 ƣočſiſſi luſſiſſiſſi ſeſſiſſiſſi, acaſ aſſiſſi Dheſſi-
 ɔpe.—ſſiſſi.—

However long they would be on the plain,
 Ulad's (*nobles*) at the beck of Conor;
 I would in every quarter catch
 The visage of Naisi, son of Usnach.

Break not the strings of heart,
 Tho' you seized on my early dawn;
 The affection is stronger that lives,
 Tho' my darling be dead, O! Conor!

"What is it you hate most that you see?" says
 Conor. "Thou thyself, and Eogan, son of Du-
 threcht," says she. "Thou shalt be a year in
 Eogan's bed then," says Conor. Conor then
 gave her over to Eogan. They drove the next day
 to the assembly of Murthemny. She was behind
 Eogan in a chariot. She looked, that she might
 not see both her gallants, towards the earth.
 "Well, Deirdri," says Conor, "it is the glance
 of a ewe between two rams, you cast between me
 and Eogan." There was a large rock near;
 she hurled her head at the stone, so that she broke
 her skull, and killed herself.

This is the exile of the sons of Usnach, and the
 cause of the exile of Fergus, and of the death of
 Deirdri.

Such is the tale, from which the flowery Keating took his account of the origin of the war of Cuailgne. The language is extremely difficult, and can be understood but by a *few* in Ireland at the present day; the orthography is obsolete and provincial. Here, and with Keating, the catastrophe is the same. The story is not of Alba, (*Scotland*,) but of Eiri, (*Ireland*,) and therefore the point of the originality of Mr. M'Pherson's DARTHULA is here completely lost, and the imposture utterly refuted.

Now we will give one or two of those wild rhapsodies attributed to Oisín. He never wrote them, but the assumption of his name was a device of the Irish poets of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, to inspirit their countrymen against the Danes, by describing the valour of their ancestors against them and all other foreign invaders. But first let us exhibit Colum Kill's farewell to Aran, an island off the western coast of Ireland, by no means that, or those, off the coast of modern Scotland.—This is introduced for the sake of comparison with Deirdri's LAMENTATION, as to the style and metre. When we come to compare the *Fenian* poems with the monstrous modern imposture, we will be more minute

minute as to the accurate and intricate prosody of the language, which the Scotch have forgotten, and which they must recover before they attempt again to impose on the literary world.

car ter, grian-
lum, gert ino

COLUM KILL'S FAREWEL
TO ARAN,

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

ON this farewell we will make no other comment, but that it proves the creed of Colum Kill, as a Christian Divine, beyond possibility of doubt; and next direct the Scottish antiquity to compare it with Deirdri's Lamentation, to endeavour an ascertainment of its date. The farewell is undoubtedly Colum Kill's composition; and it is universally admitted as historic fact, that he flourished in the sixth century. It is in the identical stile and metre of Deirdri's Lamentation.

COLUM

COLUJH CILLE RO CHZLN.

Ceslebratō uajmſi d' Zlrujini,
 Ceslebratō tpuag, mar ſajlm;
 Mſi com čur ſojr co h-ſ,
 Iſ ſ ſotlaſ on oſjini!

Ceslebratō uajmſi d' Zlrujini;
 Iſ e črātuf mo črojde,
 Žan bejt čjar an a tondujō,
 Ejoj d'ronžujō naem njme!

Ceslebratō uajmſi d' Zlrujini;
 Do črajō mo črojde cneđajl,
 Iſ ē in ceslebratō ſa deojō;—
 Uc! nſ dom deojn an dežajl!

Ceslebratō uajmſi d' Zlrujini;—
 Iſ ē an ceslebratō dubač;
 Iſ lān d'ajngljō ſjnda;—
 Mſi žan žlla um čupač!

21 Mođan,

COLUM KILL SUNG.

Farewel from me to Aran,
 A sad farewel to my feeling;
 I am sent eastward to Hy,
 And it separated since the flood!

Farewel from me to Aran;—
 It is it anguishes my heart,
 Not to be westward at her waves,
 Amidst groupes of the Saints of Heaven!

Farewel from me to Aran;
 It has anguished my heart of faith,
 It is the farewel lasting;—
 Oh! not of my will is the separation!

Farewel from me to Aran;—
 It is the farewel sad;
 And she filled of angels fair;—
 I without an attendant in my cot!

O! Modan,

Al Mhoðajm mōr, mje Meirjeir,
 So-ağ durt m nī rājōm,
 Mji dom cur an ahtj;—
 Tuſa d-ſhaſtað an Alrujm!

Uē! k cjan, on uch k cjan!
 Rom curpeð o Alrujm tjar,
 So ma ſloğ Monajğ amač,
 Alr mēuð na n-Albanač.

Mac Dē bī, ði mac Dē bī;
 Iſ e rom curſi co bī;
 Se tuz deniae mōr m rač,
 Alra rōjm na n-ahtjrač!

Alra žrjan, on Alra žrjan,
 Mo čen lojğes mntj tjar;
 Inann bejt ſo na h-ūr glōjm,
 Iſ ſo ūr Poſl acas Pheðajm!

Alrā žrjan; on Alra žrjan,
 Mo cen lojğes mntj tjar,

Inann

* From this forward to the end, the metre is changed from *alternate* to *direct*.

† The Poet here compares Aran to the *setting sun*, from its western situation; or, because, from being the
 most

O! Modan great, son of Merseng,
 Fair prosperity to thee what I say,
 I being sent a far ;—
 You established in Aran!

Alas! its far ;—Alas! its far,*
 I have been sent from Aran west,
 Towards the population of Mona east,
 To visit the Albanachs! (*men of Alba.*)

Son of the living God,—O! Son of the
 living God ;
 It is He sent me to Hy ;
 It was He gave, great the benefit,
 Ara as the habitation of PENITENTS!

Aran, thou Sun,—Oh! Aran, thou sun,†
 My affection is buried in her westward ;
 Alike to be under her earth pure,
 As under earth of Peter and Paul!

Aran, thou Sun,—O! Aran, thou Sun,
 My love lies in it west,

If

most frequented by Penitents, and from the eminent
 sanctity of its Monks, it shone as a luminary among the
 other islands sacred to heavenly contemplation.

Имани бейт җа гуџ а елуџ;
До иеџ и бейт а җоџруџе!

Зира зрјан, он зира зрјан!
Җо џен лоџеҗ иитј тјар;
Заџ аен тџо җо на һујр злојн;
Ноџа и-җајсјин җујл дјабујл!

Зира һајн, он зира һајн,
Җајрз и бјобујд дј мар ајн;
До тугар до тар а џени,
Зайр дј җаџујл и җрјин!

Зира һајн, он зира һајн,
Җајрз и бјобујд дј мар ајн;
Тџо аҗ а җлаин и а срод,
беџ җејн җалл ар троџ џура!

Зира һајн, он зира һајн,
Җајрз и бјобујд дј мар аен;
и до ттјгјо ајнзјл до ијн,
Да җҗ заџ-аен ла и тҗеџтмајн!

Тјз Забрјал заџ домнаџ,
Уајр и џ Срјст ро џрџајџ;

Саеса

If within the sound of its bell,
Alike is it for any one as to be in happiness.

Aran, thou Sun, O! Aran, thou Sun,
My love is buried in it west;
Each who goes under her earth pure,
Him sees not eye of Devil.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to him who is inimical to it also;
For to him is given for it,
Shortness of life and Hell.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to those who are inimical to it also;
Their children and their cattle waste,
They themselves at *the otherside** will be in bad
condition.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to him at once who is her enemy;
And that Angels come from on high
To visit it every day in the week.

Gabriel on every Sunday comes,
For it is Christ so ordered;

B b

Fifty

* Meaning *the other side* of the grave.

Caeca aingel, nj řať řann,
 2iz bennacado a h'ajťřneann.

Đaća luajn, ōn! Đaća luajn,
 2iz Micejl, mōr an buajō,
 2rjća 2lingel, majť a m-bēř,
 Do bennacado a rjglēř.

Đaća mājrt, ōn! Đaća mājrt,
 2iz Rapael arđa naťť,
 Do bennacado a 2jge řall,
 Re řřeřtal ajge 2lřann.

Ceđařn ěruajō, ōn! ceđařn ěruajō,
 2iz Uřjal, mōr an buajō;
 Đo mbennacann řō ěrj
 2l nojlđj řřda ainglđj.

Đaća đjardajřn, ōn! Đaća đjardajřn,
 2iz Sařjal, mōr an mājřn,
 Đo řđajřnn řať Đē do nřm
 řor leccado loma an lā řřn.

Đja hařne, ōn! Đja hařne,
 2iz Rumeul řa lřne,

Đunab

Fifty angels, (not weak the cause,)
 Sanctifying her masses.

On every Monday, Oh! on every Monday,
 Cometh Michael, great the advantage,
 Thirty Angels, propitious their practice,
 To bless her churches.

On every Tuesday, Oh! on every Tuesday,
 Cometh Raphael, of mysterious power,
 To bless her mansion there,
 To maintain the piety of Aran.

Wednesday hard, Oh! Wednesday hard,
 Cometh Uriel, great the advantage;
 Thrice to bless
 Her churches high, angelic,

Every Thursday, Oh! every Thursday,
 Cometh Sariel, great the treasure,
 Dispersing God's benefits from Heaven
 On bare stones that day.

On Friday, Oh! on Friday,
 Cometh Ramael and his host,

So

14? Surab lomnān zac rúš de,
D'ajnglyb xinnā xīn ālle.

15? O éuan in Šharmajī ille,
Šo h-ājt lajžen lečlynte,

* * * * *

* * * * *

16? Tjg Mujre, mačajī mje dē,

Cona mujrad mān en nē.

bjo 2lyngyl anna šraχujī,

bennačajō 1 dja řačajī.

17? T/nē Šin co beō do bečad ann,

2lēt eřtečt 2lyngel 2lpanī,

řepn na zac bečad řo mīn,

Eřtečt ře na cceřlečajō.

So that every eye is satiated by him,
Of Angels fair, truly bright.

From Garman's (*Wexford*) coast hither,
To Leinster's stream of Leighlin,

* * * * *

* * * * *

Cometh Mary, Mother of the Son of God,
And her charge along with her.

Angels are in the groupe,

They bless it on Saturday.

Tho' there should be no existing life,

But hearing of the Angels of Aran,

Better than any life under Heaven,

To hear their Hymns of praise.

We now return to the consideration of the imposture of the late pompous publication, purporting to be the originals of Mr. M'Pherson's pretended translation. One or two specimens of detached little rhapsodies of the poetry ascribed to Oisín, which are of exactly accurate diction and prosody, will be sufficient to shew that the work alluded to, is a *post original* translation of Mr. M'Pherson's
original

original lucubrations, in corrupt unmetrical Erse ; for his poems of Oisín, it must be repeated, never existed in the form in which he has given them, before they appeared from the framing of his plastic powers.—Specimens of this nauseously irregular bombast have been frequently, from time to time, ushered into public since the first coming forth of these pieces, pretended to be translations of Gaelic poems, in order to try the pulse of the Irish. The merited contempt, however, with which they passed unnoticed, encouraged the uttering of this monstrous imposition on the literary world.

Mr. M'Pherson, himself, lived to give his sanction to the imposture ; a conduct equally ingenuous with his having an advertisement inserted in a Dublin newspaper, affecting to be from some native Irishman, desiring the public to withhold judgment upon his poem of Fingal, as the true one would shortly make its appearance. This had a double object. It gave publicity to his intended publication, and by a dark insinuation, it was intended to be inferred, that as no such publication was thought of then in Ireland, and of course would not appear, it was to be directly concluded, that no works of Oisín, or any attributed to him, could be had in this island ;
and,

and, therefore, that Alba, or *modern Scotland*, alone must glory in the nativity and genius of the heroic Bard, as well as in the valiant deeds of the heroes he celebrated. This, it must be owned, is very disingenuous craft, which, coupled with his affected disdain of the Irish History and Language, is little short of an utter disregard of principle. A preconceived conviction in him and his adherents, that the knowledge of the Irish language had perished in its native land, without a solitary vindicator of its rights, could alone give confidence to such presumption. They indeed have been, and are enviably situated compared with us. They are supported by all the wealth, dignity, talent, power, and influence of their favoured clime; while it has been considered here an unprofitable, if not a detrimental, vulgar and ridiculous acquirement for ages back, to know, or shew a disposition to know, the finest medium of communication ever spoken in Europe, the Irish Language.—Yet here its forceful, expressive, living vigour is known, in all its elegant accuracy and correctness, but hitherto fastidiously neglected; there a fine, but debased and corrupt, dialect of it is endeavoured, might and main, to be imposed on the world as the mother tongue.—But it is in vain for the perverse of *Alba* any longer to maintain

maintain the field of imposture; these small specimens of comparative fact will put the effrontery of fabrication and presumption to disgrace and rejection for ever.

We have abundance of those wild romantic rhapsodies of poems attributed to Oisin, the son of Finn, the son of Cumhal. Some are also attributed to Fergus, *of romantic lips*, (*fyn-beo*l,) the brother of Oisin, who was emphatically stiled (*fyle na fēne*,) “the Bard of the Fenii,” that is, of the ancient Irish militia;—Mr. M’Pherson’s heroes of Fingal. We have many too, attributed to Cailti, son of Ronan, another of the chieftains of the Fenii, who was Finn’s nephew and confidential friend. Oisin and Cailti are traditionally mentioned as having lived until the arrival of St. Patrick on the Christian mission in Ireland. All the poems attributed to these heroes are in the form of details to him of all the great transactions that happened in their days, and particularly of the great deeds and wondrous exploits of Finn, Gaul, Oscar, son of Oisin, and the other Fenian heroes.

The first of the two following specimens, is a short wild story on the song of a Blackbird, said to be
delivered

delivered by Oisín to St. Patrick. The main object seems a description of romantic scenery; the mention of Finn's expedition to Lochlin; and his delight in rural scenes. The next is to introduce the reader to the extreme youthful prowess and valour of the renowned Oscar, who subdues and kills, after a desperate contest, a redoubtable foreign hero. These are here introduced as being less common and better preserved than many others, perhaps of greater import in point of subject, and which may hereafter make their appearance in equal correctness. Here the alliterations, unions, correspondences, auricular harmonies, and other particulars requisite to the accuracy and elegance of Irish poetry, are most scrupulously and chastely preserved; and upon this account are they particularly exhibited; as by direct comparison, the gross irregularity and incorrectness of the unmetrical bombast in which the modern fabrication is conceived, will be completely exposed.

123
LON-DUBH DHOIRE 2LN CH2LRN;—

OJSIN RO CH2LN.



bhnn fhn, a lojn ðajne an Chajnn!

N'j éualas, an árd 'f an m-bjč,

Ceol buð bhinne na ðo guč,

2leas tu fa bui do n'ð.

2len éeol h bhinne fa'n m-bjč,

Maiz náč ēhðenn nh zo fól,

2l nje 2lrplun na cclocc m-bhnn,

'S zo m-bejtá a'fh an do n'ðnn.

2lgat, mar tá azam fējn,

Dá m-bejt ðejnni fžējl an eojn,

Do ðentá ðēra zo djan,

'S nj bjað t'ajne ajn ðja zo fól.

2 ccnjč Ločlan, na fpeb n-zorn,

fuajn Mac Cúbajl, na ccorn nðerz,

2ln t-ēn do éjčj anof,

2lz fhn a fžēl dujt zo ðerð.

Dojne

Dojpe an čajni an čojll ūd čjar,
 Mar a n-dēndi an xhanni xof;
 2lr ājle 'sar čaejme a cranin,
 'S eð do cujpeð ann an lon.

Sgolžajpe lojn dojpe an Čajni,
 búžpe an dajm ō xhajll na ccaer,
 Ceol le ccodlað fjnn zo moč,
 Lačajn ō loč na ttrj ccael.

poraede. ad
 antecedentia estis c.
 quenta.

Cerca xraejē um čhruačajn čujni,
 feðgajl dobrōjn dnujm dā loč,
 Žoča xhlajn gljnn na xfuaz,
 Lonžojpe cuač čnuje na xcoč.

Žoča zaðar glenna caejn,
 I xžajn xhlajn čaejē na xelž;
 Tajm na ccon aš tmal zo moč,
 2lxteč ō ttrājž na ccloč n-dex.

2ln ttrāč do mājn fjnn 's an xhjan,
 Dob annsa leo xhjab na cjl,
 fā bjn leofan xujgle lon,
 Žoča na ccloc leo njn bjin.

fjnt.

THE BLACKBIRD
OF THE GROVE OF CARNA,
FROM OISIN.

The Versification from a literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

HAIL tuneful bird of sable wing,
Thou warbler sweet of Carna's grove! *
Not lays more charming will I hear
Tho' round th' expansive earth I rove.

No melody's more soft than thine,
While perch'd thy mossy nest beneath :
How sad to miss thy soothing song !
When harmony divine you breathe.

O son of Alphron cease thy bells,
Cease thy hollow-sounding strain :
To Carna's grove thine ear incline,—
Thou wilt o'ertake thy psalms again.

O didst

* Derrycarn in the county of Meath.

O didst thou hear its mournful tale !
 Didst thou, as I, its story know !
 Thou wouldst forget thy God awhile,
 And down thy cheeks would torrents flow.

Found was the bird on Lochlin's plains,
 (Where purling flows the azure stream)
 By Comhal's son, for goblets fam'd,
 Which bright with golden splendor beam.

Yon lofty wood is Carna's grove,
 Which bends to west its awful shade,
 Where pleas'd with Nature's wild display,
 The Fian's—noble race ! delay'd.

In that retir'd and dusky wood,
 The bird of sable wing was lay'd :
 Where the majestic oak extends
 His stately boughs in leafy shade.

The sable bird's harmonious note,
 The lowing hind of Cora's steep,
 Were wont, at morning's early dawn,
 To lull the mighty Finn asleep.

The

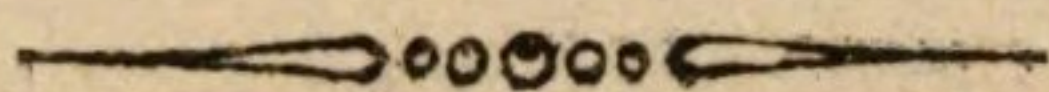
The noise which haunts the weedy pond,
 That into triple straight divides :
 Where cooling in the chrystal wave,
 The bird of silver plumage glides.

The twitt'ring hens on Croan's heath,
 And from yon water-girded hill,
 The deepening voice of gloomy woe,
 Sad, pensive, melancholy shrill.

The eagle's scream from Foat's vale,
 From the tall pine the cuckoo's song,
 The music of the hounds, that fly
 The coral-pebbled strand along.

When liv'd brave Finn, and all his chiefs ;
 The heath did more the heroes please—
 Than church or bell they'd dearer deem
 The sable bird's melodious lays.

L21JZh Th21JLC 9h1C TRE0JN.



Cnoc an áir an cnoc úd íjar,
'S go lá an bparc, bjað d' á gairm;
2l Phádrasce, na m-bacall m-bán,
N'í gan farc tuzað an t-airm.

Lá da rabamair 's fínní flair,
fíanna Eirenn na n-éé fenn,
2lir an cennoc-fa, lín a slóg,
N'í b'ingna leo teét le tenn.

ben dob áille 'na an gíran
Do éjð an fhíann aš teét fan leirn;
Do mac Cubhasl, inínn dúit,
bennaigí Rígan an bparc deirn.

Cja tu a ben, ar fínní fenn,
Í fenn meín fáf áille delb?
Í binné lín fuaim do beoíl
No a fíusl le fenn cíoíl go deirb.

Níam

Níam-Níad-Chrotae h é m'aim,
 Ingen do Gharb mac Dolair dēin,
 Dhiordhíe Dpēg, mo mallact air,
 Do naice me re Tairc mac Trēin.

Cred do bein da íeēna tu,
 Nā ceil do nūn oim anoh,
 Dhi mo Chumairce go brāc
 Gabaim tu láim tar a éroh.

H eō fāit fā ttuzaif fuaif,
 'S tug dait an guait ar mo gne,
 Cluafa, eiball h cenn caif,
 Tá air an bher nāc maif fdein.

Do íubail me an doman fo trī,
 'S nīr fhaiguf Ríe ann no flait,
 Nān íinaif aēt fbofe an fhann,
 'S nīr gell trīat m'anacal air,

Dhēneōatō tú a ingen óg,
 Dhi mac Cubail, nān clōd nēim;
 Nō go ttuirt air do fdaif,
 Nā íeēt ccaia tā fan ffein.

Dan

Ծար ան լայն զի օրտ-հա ա ֆիյի,
 Ի ծագի լիւն ծօ ԿԵՐՈՒՄԻՆ ԲՐԵՃ,
 Չի քեր օ տեյն-հե ա քիւտ,
 Ծիւրիտ լիւն շառ ԿԵՐ ԵՐԾ.

Նա ԵՐԻ-զ յօմարտօն ահ,
 Չի քիւտ շառ ան ԵՐԻ ան օր;
 Նի քիւտ ան լաւ-հա քիւտ ԿԵՐԻ
 Նա քիւտ զի քիւտ քեր ա լիւն.

Երբ ծօ քիւտ ան լաւ,
 Չի ԿԵՐ-քիւտ շառ ԿԵՐԻ լաւ;
 Նի քիւտ քիւտ քիւտ քիւտ քիւտ,
 Չի քիւտ շառ լիւն ա քիւտ.

Կիւտ ան լաւ ԿԵՐ ան լաւ
 Ծօ քիւտ լաւ ան լաւ լիւն;
 Նի քիւտ քիւտ քիւտ քիւտ լիւն,
 Նա քիւտ լիւն ԿԵՐ ան լաւ.

ԿԵՐ ԿԵՐ լաւ ԿԵՐ ԿԵՐ լաւ
 ԿԵՐ քիւտ լաւ ան լաւ լիւն;
 Չի քիւտ ան լաւ լիւն լաւ,
 Չի քիւտ լաւ ան լաւ լիւն.

Jaraſ Oſſar ceo an fhinn,
 (Se'n doilg lem e d'a luad.)
 Dul do eompac an laje
 Har do eonapc dje an t-fluaſ.

Do beirinn ceo duit, an fhinn,
 'S aſ eſal lem do tuitim trjd,
 Eirgjd, 's beir mo beinnact let,
 Cuirneò do goil h do zinj.

Feò eúg n-ojòce, xeo eúg lá,
 bhj an djs nár claje aſ gleje,
 Zlr dje bjò, 'ſar beſan ſuaſ,
 Sur tuit taſc le buajò mo meje.

Léigemaſ trj gárta óſ áro,
 Deh an eompac gairb gleje;
 Gair eainte xá' n-dechajò don xhejn,
 'S dá gair maſc xár eſ taſc.

Njam-Nuaò-Chrotae, mór an bēo,
 Har do eonapc mēo an ár
 Gabas náſc an ſruaò-deſ
 'S tuites marb a meſſ eáje.

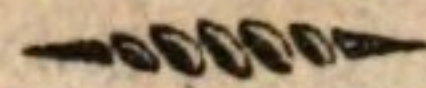
bāf na Rjgna, d'ēf zaē uſc
 'S ē f mō do ēuſn an ēāſē,
 2lſn an cenoſ-ſa d'ēf na n-ſljaō
 Do baſt an ſhian enoſ an āſn.

fſnſt.

THE

THE POEM OF
TALC,

SON OF TRONE.*



The Versification from a literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.



BEHOLD yon hill of slaughter rise,
(For ever will it hold the name,)
That bends its dreadful brow to west :
Dire is the cause, but great the fame.

One day brave Finn, and all his train,
No strangers to the toil of fight,
With all their great and mighty hosts
Assembled on its airy height.

O'er steed-renown'd Ierne's plain
As pac'd a maid with mournful air,—
The chiefs beheld, and saw the dame,
Than sun's refulgent beam more fair.

She

* *Tasle mac Tneojn*, signifies, "*The Firm, Son of the Mighty.*"

She came, in purple robe array'd,
 And first great Comhal's son address'd,
 Whose graceful and majestic mien
 Transcendent shone above the rest.

O speak! again, exclaim'd the chief,
 And all reserve, fair maid, resign,
 For more harmonious is thy voice
 Than sweetest melody divine!—

O speak! and who thou art, declare;—
 She answer'd—Nivra* is my name:
 Where my fierce sire, great Garba, reigns
 With sway supreme,—from Greece I came.

Why hast thou fled thy father's halls?
 To me th' uncertain cause unfold:
 My arm shall ever be thy guard,—
 Then be thy sorrow's secret told.

Hear then, great chief, my woeful tale,
 And in my faithful word confide:—

The

* *Njam-nuat-čpožac*, signifies, “*Splendid youthful form.*”

The monarch pledg'd his sacred oath,
That I should be the royal bride

Of Talc, the dreadful son of Trone;
A monster of such horrid mien,
As fills my trembling soul with fear,
And chills the blood within my vein!

Between his brawny shoulders wide,
* A Cat's terrific form he rears,
With winding tail, uplifted paw,
And fiery eyes, and frightful ears.

Thrice

* This expressive description of so familiar an animal may probably be censured, as being too pompous for so insignificant, and too terrific for so harmless a subject; but, however, so it may appear at first sight, the consideration must entirely vanish, when we reflect that the nature of the Cat is in some degree similar to that of the Tiger or the Lion, and that the Wild, not the House-Cat, is implied:—It must have been of a very unusual size, as we find the armour of the head entirely covered with the skin, which made the knight appear as if he had a Cat's head,—for which reason, he is called in the poem, “The Cat-headed chief.” The warriors, in ancient times, were accustomed to wear on their armour the skins of the wild beasts they had slain:—thus the celebrated casque of Ulysses,

Thrice round the earth I sought the aid
Of ev'ry king,—but sought in vain,
None dar'd to vindicate my cause,—
I now implore the Finian train.

Sweet maid, I'll be thy sure defence,
Comhal's conquering son replied :—
Nor shalt thou go,—before the strength
Of all the Finian host be try'd.

Full

Ulysses, as he and Diomed prepare to go as spies to the Trojan camp, is described by Homer as covered with the skin of a wild boar.

ἔκτισθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες
Ἀρτίδουλος ὕς θάμεις ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἐνθα,
Εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως.

Hom. L. X. lin. 263.

—without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.

POPE.

The skin of the Lion-Cat in Persia, described by Dr. Goldsmith, as larger and more fierce than even the wild one, may have covered the helm of this eastern warrior, as he very probably was a Persian prince.

Full seven legions in thy cause
 Expert the brazen spear to wield,
 Shall conquer,—or expire, and leave
 Their breathless bodies on the field.

Ah!—by thy val'rous hand, O! Finn,
 I tremble, lest thy might be vain,—
 Beneath his stroke, from whom I fly,
 An hundred hosts would press the plain.

Resplendent maid, of heav'nly mien,
 Whose yellow tresses curling fold,
 And play around thy lily neck,
 More beaming bright than purest gold,

No region of th' expansive earth
 Could e'er a mighty champion boast,
 Whose conqueror would not be found
 Amid the Finian's fearless host.

Then distant, landing on the shore,
 Appear'd a chief of stately mien,—
 Upon whose dire and hideous crest
 A Cat's fierce front was dreadful seen.

To

To where th' assembl'd legions stood,
 He sternly turn'd with conscious might,
 And proudly frowning on their chief,
 Demanded or the maid, or fight.

Three hundred leaders brave, who rush'd
 Where'er the fire of battle burn'd,
 Advanc'd to meet the stranger's rage,—
 But from his steel—ah ! ne'er return'd.

O ! Patrick, of the creed severe,—
 Full ten hundred heroes slain,
 We lost that day in dreadful fight,
 Which sad depress'd our weaken'd train.

When Osgar view'd the slaughter'd pile,
 Fierce fury fir'd his rolling eye,
 Finn's leave he ask'd,—while I intent,
 Reluctant heard the chief's reply :

Go, noble youth, I give thee leave,
 Though much thy gloomy fate I dread,—
 Forget not now thy deeds of fame ;
 May glory beam around thy head.

For five long days, and tedious nights,
Both heroes contest dire maintain'd,—
Their weary limbs not eas'd by rest,
Or fainting frames by food sustain'd.

Great Talc at length sinks pale to earth,—
In death his swimming eye-balls roll;
Yielding to Osgar's force supreme,
He, gasping, breathes his mighty soul.

Three shouts resound aloud in air,
And dreadful echo o'er the plain,—
One to deplore our slaughter'd host,
And two of joy, that Talc was slain.

But Nivra fair, appall'd to see,
Such direful carnage all around ;—
Her crimson cheek grew silver pale,—
She lifeless sunk upon the ground!

And when the royal maid expir'd,
Whose wrongs so bravely were redress'd,
More than the hosts of heroes slain,
It fill'd with sorrow ev'ry breast.

O! Patrick

O! Patrick of the crosier fair,—
 This dreadful tale will e'er be told;
 Yon mount's the hill of slaughter dire,
 Which now thy wond'ring eyes behold.

BOTH these specimens are the genuine effusion of the genius that produced the poems attributed to Oisín, all of which have such an uniformity of easy stile, diction, and metre, as pronounces them the work of one man, over whose name is spread the veil of eternal oblivion, from the assumption of the name of the son of Finn, in conversation with St. Patrick. Vast numbers of these poems are still preserved in Ireland, written and by rote.—They are even still the great source of long nights' entertainment in the *Irish* parts of Ireland; together with the old romances, or Finian stories, (ḡḡḡḡḡḡ or ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ) all upon the exploits of the Finian Heroes, or ancient Irish militia. With every one of these, and all other stories in the Irish language, Mr. M'Pherson appears to have been perfectly conversant; nor has he omitted one of their beautiful expressions or interesting episodes. In the execution of his scheme, however, he has been totally regardless of epochs, and, with fastidious insolence, he rejects the very sources of his reputation,

(cf. p. 192)

tion, Irish history. He seized upon all its romantic splendour, and *jumbled* together the majesty of several ages into an uniform mass of his own contrivance. This will appear evidently enough from the present publication, but will be further manifested from the succeeding transactions of the Gaelic Society. Mr. M'Pherson lived some years in the quarter of Ireland where he could best get acquainted with our written sources of amusement, the county of Limerick, where a name-sake and cousin-german of his kept a little school, and well did he profit of the opportunity.

As these two specimens of the poetry attributed to Oisín, are produced for the purpose of proving that the modern gorgeous publication, as it were, of the original of the Oisín of Scotland, (i. e. of Mr. M'Pherson) is a *post-original*, we must descant a little on the nature of ancient Irish poetry.— This is a most peculiar and difficult task. The ancient language of Ireland underwent the cultivation of several successive ages, and was brought to an *Acme*, surpassing much even the elegant rotundity of Greek phraseology. This would be known to enlightened Europe, were it not for the casualty of the *school of the west* having been suppressed before

before the invention of printing, and that every attempt to profit of that invention since has been fatally interrupted by some public calamity. The publication of every thing valuable in this language, by the Fathers of Donegal, was unfortunately prevented by the troubles in the time of the first Charles, by Cromwell's usurpation. They had procured a fount of type for this purpose, which, when forced to fly, they took with them to Louvain, where some fragment of it yet remains; and when Anne thought to establish professorships of this language, in all her universities, she was baffled by the interested art of the Duke of Ormond, who framed a nonsensical jumble of words, (D'ic Dam Dub ob am, i. e. *a black ox eat a raw egg*,) to impress the Queen with the notion that the most elegant, expressive, and original language of Europe, was a barbarous dialect, like the barking of a dog. "There is no language in which an assemblage of harsh and barking sounds may not be framed." In the language in which I write, though now brought by effort of eminent genius, to a very high degree of perfection,—though well cultivated for above three centuries,—it is easy to frame *barking nonsense*;—for instance, *of, which, what, why*; and so of any other language.

In

In Irish poetry there are several principal circumstances to be observed: The first is, that it must consist of Stanzas of four lines, (or Quartans,) including a determinate sense;—each line, or quartan, must consist of seven syllables—and no irregular ellipsis is admitted, that is, no *poetic license*, as it is so *abusively* called, is admissible: Mr. Clerke has decided *this* in his comments on Homer:—There must be alliteration between *principal parts of speech*, *nouns*, *pronouns*, and *verbs*, which the Irish poets name CONCORD: There must be an agreement of words and syllables, which they call *correspondence*;—there must be *union*, or *auricular harmony*, which is to have the vowels and diphthongs correspond in sound and rhythmical termination, not at all dependant on unity, like English rhyme, but similarity of letters. These are the prominent features of Irish poetry, to all of which annexes many a critical adjunct. In no one principal, or secondary instance, has the author of the *Post-original* shewn himself aware of this necessary accuracy; nor, indeed, could he; for, the elegant accuracy of the language is now utterly forgotten by the modern Scots. Their corrupt and debased dialect bears the same comparison to ours, that the contemptible modern Greek does to ancient Attic purity. All the requisites of

Irish

us: *crant*,
initialis

anonyma
finalis

Irish poetry are faithfully maintained in the two preceding instances.—Take another, the description of Finn's Greyhound.

COBH2LR2H2LJ2He CON' FhINN' MhIC
CU2H2LJL.

THE MARKS OF FINN MAC COMHAL'S
GREYHOUND.

Coſa buide bʒ aʒ bhnan,
2l dā taeḃ dub 'ſa tāp zel;
Druim ſuaḃnide óſ cenn ſelḡ,
Iſ dā éluaf éorera éom-deḡ.

“Yellow legs had Bran,
“Both her sides black and her belly white;
“A speckled back over her loins,
“And two crimson ears, very red.”

This instance is in (Dān Dʒneč) direct metre, but the former is in a species of it, denominated *óglácaſ*, a word well expressed by the Italian *recitavo*, whence the French *recitative*, and means with us *conversation*; it is our “*pesnatus rebus agendis*,” and is an alternate measure. || The fabricator has
aimed

aimed at writing his solecism in this metre, but his gross ignorance has baffled him completely. He has sometimes *six*, sometimes *seven*, sometimes *eight*, and often *nine* syllables in a line, but this irregularity is even surpassed by his scandalous disregard of correctness of language, and ignorance of poetic concord. In the late decline of the Gaelic language, he thought he could impose ; but he should study more, if he would expect to succeed in imposition upon the REVIVING knowledge of genuine Gaelic. I would not dishonour my native language with quotations from this jargon, but I refer the Gaelic reader to any passage of the awkward fabrication, but particularly to p. 4 ; beginning of Fingal, p. 8, id. Temora, p. 268, 292, 308. Mr. M'Farlan seems to have been an excellent Latin scholar, but he was a very incorrect Gaelic PRETENDER. In p. 292, of Temora, he has a line describing the agitation of Finn on the death of Oscar, at the battle of Gabhra, in base, modern, corrupt Erse,

“Tha cridhe na b'aoise fo spairn ;”

The original Irish of which he knew not, but Mr. M'Pherson knew it well, and gave it very pathetic expression

expression in English. The line is attributed to Finn, and is

Mo éiríde ag léimniḡ mar lon,

“My heart leaping as a Black-Bird,”

Which Mr. M'Pherson expresses by the words, “The heart of the aged beats over thee,” which words Mr. M'Farlan aped to translate in his corrupt irregular dialect.—Mr. M'Pherson himself, throughout, affects to translate quartans of Gaelic poetry, as his whole work exhibits a train of short sentences, involving each a determinate meaning. This undoubtedly he considered as subservient to his purpose, as the use of Irish names of historic celebrity, which he considered paramount to imposing on all Gaelic readers, as well Iernian as Albanian. The fact is, that the profound conjecture of Johnson, is the real fact. Mr. M'Pherson's “poems of Oisín” never appeared in his original form, before his own framing and formation, for which he must be allowed the credit of genius, but must be denied the principle of candour. To rescue his reputation, however, from the charge of unqualified obloquy, it must be recorded that he acknowledged to an elegant oppo-

F f

nent,

ment, the late Bishop of Limerick, the Rt. Rev. Doctor Barnard, Dr. Goldsmith's Dean of Derry, in his retaliation, that "Fingal was an original, but "that the characters were Irish." This burst of candour was in remuneration of Dr. Barnard's delicately polite manner of treating him in the developement of the imposture. He spent three weeks on a visit with Dr. Barnard in London. I had the honour of his Lordship's intimacy, and, I am confident, nothing short of truth and liberality ever stained his virtuous lips.

No wonder the modern Scots should be utterly ignorant of Gaelic prosody, since Messrs. Campbell, Mac Muir, and Mac Gilleoin, the worthies who addressed Mr. Lhuyd, a century ago, upon the publication of his *Archæologia*, prove by their awkward efforts at versification, that they had nearly forgotten the prosody of the language; indeed they forgot its accuracy altogether, as well as that of the language. But, in either, they shine far above the modern Fabricators, and they merge them, indeed, into utter darkness by their truth and sincerity. They acknowledge and pride in the fact of their descent from the Scots of Ireland, as do all the candid of Alba (or *modern Scotland*) to this day;

day; while the perverse and crafty upholders of imposture disdain the truth, and appear to feel it a galling wound to their silly pride, to admit, and therefore they reject the truth of history. But were they to publish as much gorgeous falsehood in *elaborate jargon* as would fill the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, supported even by *illusive* depositions, (for such do they produce,) it would not be capable of obliterating the venerable record of veracity, sanctioned by the concurrent testimony of all sincere investigation, through the various mazes of revolving ages. I have, in my time, met and conversed freely with many Highland Gentlemen, and not one of them ever denied the historic fact, of the Albanian Scots being descendants of the Irish; nay, they would appear indignant at mention of those men of *mighty name* who have written to the contrary. As to the refutation of Mr. M'Pherson's system, they considered, as indeed they should, that the Rev. and venerable Doctor Shaw, Messrs. Laing and Pinkerton, had done enough to vindicate "their country from the charge of not having such sturdy moralists, as would love truth better than Scotland." As to Ireland, O'Connor, O'Halloran, and Dr. Barnard are sufficient authority to convict the forgery. It is remarkable of the Irish language,
that

that where it is spoken at all throughout Ireland, it is spoken without being subject to the anomaly which designates the *patois* of France, or the *shire-dialect* of England. Indeed, to such a pitch of accurate perfection was it brought of old, that its correctness lives to this day in the *Irish parts* of Ireland. A common labourer in the field will expose his companion to ridicule, if he, by any inadvertency, happen to break a concord, or commit any other error of diction or accentuation, to the hearty amusement of those around him. This, it is submitted, must be an irrefragable proof of the ancient general correctness and cultivation of this language. It is also spoken, with considerable accuracy, in many parts of the Highlands of *modern* Scotland. This, I conclude, from having conversed with several Gentlemen of that country with the greatest ease and familiarity; and, I must add, that none of them refused an immediate and unequivocal acknowledgment that the Gaelic of Scotland was a dialect of the *mother tongue* of Ireland; as well as that the Highland Scots were the descendants of a colony from this, the mother country. They ever plainly declared, they were perfectly aware of the disingenuousness of modern fabrications; and that they knew, from undisputed tradition,

tradition, that Finn, Oisín, Goll, Osgar, and all the other Finnian heroes were *Irish*, not *Albans*. What avails it, then, to produce the *attested declarations* of *illiterate*, and the *laboured essays* of *literary* men, in opposition to an *historical fact*, otherwise generally acknowledged? The similarity of a few names, and the likeness of some circumstances in the modern figments, to those in the ancient poems, have imposed on the ignorance of the one, while the ability displayed in the execution of imposture, has fascinated and deluded the other. The following anecdotes confirm the position here laid down: That eminently ingenious, and profoundly erudite prelate, the Rev. Dr. Young, the late amiable and benevolent bishop of Clonfert, but previously a most respectable and respected senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (in which University I had the happiness of spending nearly twelve years under his kind and generous tutelage,) was warmly affected towards the cultivation of Irish literature. In the summer of 1784, he traversed the Highlands in search of Gaelic poetry. He was directed to a bookseller in Perth, with whom, it was asserted, that the original of Mr. M'Pherson's poems were deposited. On inspection, however, it proved to be an ancient Irish manuscript, on vellum, containing

taining historic tracts, and several genealogies ;
 particularly one of the illustrious house of O'Neill.
 Upon being introduced to a literary Lady, a widow,
 of the name of Mac Donald, who taught her
 daughters Gaelic, she was pleased to ask him,
 " Pray, Sir, are you an Irishman ?" " I am,
 " Madam," was the answer. " I shall soon prove
 " that," said she. Upon which she handed him an
Irish Testament, and requested him to read two or
 three verses in it. He did accordingly, and she
 said, " I clearly see you are, Sir." He then asked,
 " Madam, is it in this you teach these young
 " Ladies ?"—Her daughters were present. " Yes,
 " Sir," answered she. " Why not instruct them
 " in the bible published by authority of the synod
 " of Argyle ?" resumed the doctor. " O ! Sir, why
 " should I teach them a *corrupt dialect*, when I can
 " instruct them in the *pure mother tongue* ?" was her
 answer. In like manner, talking to an old Gen-
 tleman who repeated some Finnian poetry to him,
 he asked him, " Where, Sir, or whence have you
 " got these ?" The old Gentleman replied, " We
 " have got them traditionally from our ancestors,
 " who originally came from Ireland." The veracity
 of this amiable prelate, will never be called in
 question. It would be notorious to all the world,
 if

(Gaelic)

||

if Gaelic literature were more cultivated, that it is only of late the *modern Scotch* shew shame of their origin. *Gædhaltacht Alban*, the *Gadelicity* of *Alba*, is the old expression for the *Highlands*; and *Gaelic Albanach*, *Aalbanian Gaelic*, for *Erse*, even among themselves, to distinguish them from their original Irish nativity. For the present, farewell, Mr. M'Pherson.

FINIS.

in Castle... were more cultivated, than in
only in the... of the
original... of the
the old... and Castle
... in the
... from the original
... the
...

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the compilation of the foregoing sheets, some inadvertencies have escaped, which it is deemed necessary here to rectify. In page 10, of “The Death of the Children of Usnach,” the Latin quotation in the note is, by mistake of memory, attributed to *Silius Italicus*, instead of *Claudian*. But to compensate the Reader for this error, let him accept another proof from the same Author of the position there laid down. Britain is made to boast of Stilicho’s protection :

Illius effectum curis ne bella timerem
Scotica, ne *Pictum* tremere, ne littore toto
Prospicerem dubiis venturum *Saxona* ventis.

By his effectual care I need not fear
The *Scotic* wars, nor tremble at the *Pict*,
Nor all along the shore, with dread, look out
The *Saxon* coming with the dubious winds.

In the third Stanza of the Irish, p. 13, which was also quoted from memory, the third line should be, instead of,

N'ah) 's 2hyle 's 2h'dan,

the old Quartan, as follows :

Maic a ccaiphe, gel a cceis.

“ Delightful their association, fair their complexion.”

And then the versification would run thus :—

Three are the causes dire of woe ;—

How mournful is the tale to tell !

My son, with sorrow wilt thou know

How Touran's mighty offspring fell !

Lear's noble line,—that wing'd the air,

Chang'd to the swan's high-soaring form ;—

Conn, Aida, and Finola fair,

And Fey who brav'd each gloomy storm !—

Be ever curs'd, the tongue profane,

That bid the magic pinions grow ;—

O ! wou'd the hellish spells were vain ;

The second source whence tears must flow !

Usna's

Usna's brave sons, Ierne's shield,
 By circling hosts ignobly slain ;
 Pale, breathless on th' ensanguin'd field ;
 More sadly tunes the tearful strain !

Improv'd by Aify's watchful care,—
 Unmatch'd in Friendship's sacred course ;
 Of mien majestically fair :—
 Threefold is now pale Sorrow's source.

W. L.

So Mr. Leahy, upon mature deliberation, and a thorough acquaintance with the story, would have the versification rectified ; and therefore thus is it given.

The inadvertencies here noticed could not certainly be observed, (from his utter ignorance of the Irish language) by the *redoubted* reviler of Irish Literature ; the *Anti-Antiquary* of Ireland, the Rev. EDWARD LEDWICH, to whom the care and inspection of all Irish Productions are consigned, as we are informed, by the *tremendous* Reviewers, Monthly, Critical, &c. &c. The meritedly fastidious and contemptuous silence of Irish literary men, with respect to his deliberately designed and
 barefaced

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 Threefold is now pale Sorrow's source.

W. L.

So Mr. Leahy, upon mature deliberation, and a thorough acquaintance with the story, would have the versification rectified ; and therefore thus is it given.

The inadvertencies here noticed could not certainly be observed, (from his utter ignorance of the Irish language) by the *redoubted* reviler of Irish Literature ; the *Anti-Antiquary* of Ireland, the Rev. EDWARD LEDWICH, to whom the care and inspection of all Irish Productions are consigned, as we are informed, by the *tremendous* Reviewers, Monthly, Critical, &c. &c. The meritedly fastidious and contemptuous silence of Irish literary men, with respect to his deliberately designed and
 barefaced

barefaced falshoods, may have imposed on the learned of England, as they have called forth the animadversion of that learned and amiable Catholic Prelate, the profound Dr. Milner, in his liberal and manly observations, during his late transit through this island. To exhibit to the amiable Rev. Doctor and all the literary world, our estimation of Mr. Ledwich, we will only apply to him the first Essay of one of our latest Poets, Thaddy O'Higgin, in the reign of Elizabeth. It was an Epigram on some flimsy pretender of his day, and is as follows:—

Fep dāna an gilla so ílar;
 Soipter iasg don m-brecc m-beḡ;
 Deipter ned le nḡo gaḡ eoín;
 Nēo an ḡhḡnḡín ḡheoín n nēo.

This, in versification not very elegant, but very literal, let Mr. Ledwich accept as his character with us.

This little man's for learning fam'd;
 The speckl'd sprat is call'd a fish;
 Each bird's nest a nest is nam'd;
 And so's the grass-moth's, if you wish.

Grass-moth

Grass-moth is the literal English of the Irish name of the little bird, commonly called the *tom-tit*.

Having just met a few STANZAS of dense advice, written by the profound Mac Brodin, addressed to Donagh or Dunchad O'Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, as was the long Ode before ; I thought it not amiss to insert them here, with a literal translation. To versify them in English may amuse some genius whom they may please,

Mo céirre nainn duir, a Dhonéasó,
Is déin mair dérasó siad ;
Dú nainn ní fágtar orda,
Cnainn go ttorad uaire iad.

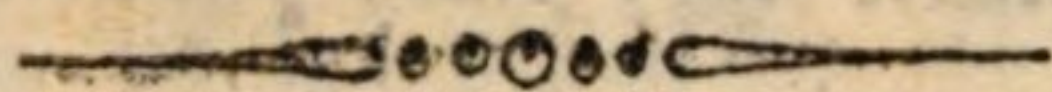
brait h-égnam, abair beáin ;
b'í go n-éirí fá n-éasó tóir ;
Ná beir breir re gael dá góiré,
Go breir don taeb eile or.

b'í go m'ín accn'éasó carad ;
I ccn'é b'íobad na b'í tair ;
Dén go h-áir re deorasó, Dhonchasó,
U léogáin do íjl cconéair CCair.

Ná

Nā h-abajr a tuisſſuſſer tuit;
 beſ an dſſbāſl do nſ an toēt;
 Eſt ne cōmpāto n-dajne n-ſlſc;
 Tuis acas lēſ mōrān tōrt.

Nā h-ob ſſt, na ſeēajr coſat;
 Nā h-aſſ cell an ſhaſto beſr beo;
 Nā bſ do ſnſm ōd teſnſat;
 Nā cum ſell, ſ nā ſell ſleo.



LITERAL TRANSLATION.

My four verses to you, O! Donchad,
 And do as they shall say; (*i. e.* desire);
 A culled verse is not found of them,
 Trees with noble fruit are they.

Suspect your wisdom—say little;
 Be quiet for what has past you;
 Pronounce not judgment with nearest relation,
 Until the other side approach thee.*

Be mild in country of friends;
 In enemies' country be not soft;
 Fierce till success with strangers, Dunchad,
 Thou lion of the mighty race of Cas.

Express

* *Audi alteram partem.*

Express not all that shall be understood by you :

Little the evil done by silence :

Listen to the conversation of wise men :

Understand and let much pass thee.

Refuse not peace ; avoid not war ;

Ransack not church while you're alive ;

Let not your action be from your tongue ;

Plot not treachery, and meditate not violence.

Even this little Epitome of advice would much surpass Sir William Jones's PERSIC " Advice to a Prince ;" and the learned world is left to its own judgment to determine on the mental character of the ancient literary Irish.—The trivial *typographical errors* in this publication, are humbly submitted to the liberal reader. If the compiler had either SALARY, ESTABLISHMENT, or PATRONAGE, perhaps they would not have escaped ; but *neither* of *these* is he blessed with ; and without ONE OR ALL of them, the INVESTIGATION and REVIVAL of IRISH LITERATURE cannot be easily effected. There are many who approach him in knowledge of the Language, ancient History and elegant Poetry of his nation ; but none, except an old gentleman, in

in an obscure and remote corner of the island, (Mr. Peter O'Connell, of Kilrush), has studied it so long. The assertor of this is eight and forty years old; and at the age of twelve, he could read and enjoy the beauties of all the poems attributed to Oisin: all the TALES of the Finnian heroes; Clann Touran; Clann Lir; and Clann Usnigh; and could, with puerile indignation, ridicule the wily attempts of the Scots of Alba, to make the reputed poems of Oisin their own.—COMPARATIVE FACT is his MOTTO; and if he have life and means THE FINNIAN TALES, THE FINNIAN POEMS, and every thing relative to the subject, shall appear in their genuine form. Then, it is to be hoped, the question will be finally decided and put beyond all possible equivocation and dispute.—Indeed we consider it to be so already.—That Irish scholars may not be at a loss where to find the POST-ORIGINAL of Mr. M'Pherson's Poems of Ossian—it is for sale at Mr. Richard Coyne's, No. 154, Capel-street, Dublin.

It must not escape observation, that in Ireland, PUBLIC OBJECT, which would be honourable to the nation, is shamefully lost in PRIVATE VIEW, never to be accomplished: while in England and
Scotland

Scotland, *public objects* attract the attention and promote the exertion of dignity, wealth, power, and consequence, to the actual enriching of those who act under such propitious direction. Here envy blithes the fruit of industry; and a man of capacity to elucidate the long rejected lore of his nation, must *starve* in neglect, and *die* before he is esteemed or regretted.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.

HOR. Lib. 2. Epist. 1. v. 13.

All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.—
The great ALCIDES, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray,
Each star of meaner merit fades away.
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

POPE.

The amiable, venerable, and Rev. Dr. SHAW, of Chelvy Parsonage, near Bristol; “the sturdy
“moralist who loves truth better than Scotland,” however strongly attached to his nativity, can prove, from personal knowledge, that the *post-original* of

H h

Mr.

Mr. M'Pherson's Poems of Ossian, is a modern fabrication ; as well as that the list of Gaelic Manuscripts given at the end of that gorgeous publication, are *Irish* not *Albanian*.

The "shattered fragments of our Literature, "majestic even in ruin," dispersed and scattered as they exist, are still capable of attracting the attention of the learned world, if properly investigated. There is a vast mass of Irish Literature preserved in the Manuscript room of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin ; and to the great honour of the learned and liberal body of its Fellows, with a most respectable, generous, and enlightened English Gentleman at their head, they have benevolently determined to have their contents investigated. The Bodleian Library, in the University of Oxford, the British Museum, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Buckingham's Library, at Stowe, teem with most valuable Irish manuscripts ; rare monuments of ancient Literature. It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. O'Connor's "*Scriptores rerum Hibernicarum*," which is by this time in print, will excite the literary curiosity of Europe to the earnest investigation of Irish learning. I translated the "*Annals of Innisfallen*," and some tracts of the old Brehom Laws,

Of. San. Mart. Arthur 2, 121. 139.

Rec. Bib. th. Lito-c., Introd. p. XXI. XII et. XXV. XXVI.

Laws, into English, four and twenty years ago; but for want of *private means* or *public patronage*, I have not been able to exhibit either to the curious Public. Two or three of my friends, Mr. M'Namara, of Anderson's Court, Mr. O'Reilly, of Newstreet, Dublin, and a very ingenious youth, who has studied Irish as a dead language, have made most valuable collections of Irish manuscripts.—The Highland Societies of London and Edinburgh, have precious remnants, which it is hoped they will publish. The neglected O'Connell, has a vast treasure; and the venerable and dignified Vallancey's Cabinet, is not empty. The Chevalier O'Gorman, now living in the County of Clare, has a rare collection of annals, and other inestimable monuments. The books of Lecan and Ballinmote, and the *leabhar breac*, or "Speckled Book" of M'Egan are in the Archives of the Royal Irish Academy; and there are besides, several valuable tracts in private hands throughout the island, of which those in the possession of the learned M'Elliott, of Limerick, are not the least worthy of estimation. There is strong probability too of the recovery of that invaluable record, "THE PSALTER OF CASHEL."

ERRATA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Page 5, line 15, After "but," read, "it."

Proeme to the "Advice to a Prince."

*Page 11, line 14, For "have already observed,"
read "know."*

15, — 16, For "crown," read "crown'd,"

27, — 3, For "ab ut," read "about."

ib. — 5, For "B RD," read "BARD."

Advice to a Prince,

Page 42, line 8, should be,

"My sov'reign's wardship as my honour'd meed."

*44, — To the last note should be added,
a quotation from Dryden's Hind and Panther from
the similarity of thought. It is as follows :*

"Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light !

"A blaze of glory that forbids our sight !—

"O ! teach me to adore thee thus conceal'd,

"And seek no farther than thou hast reveal'd !"

*48, — The parenthesis in the note should
close at the word "him,"*

The

The Death of the Children of Usnach.

Page 15, line 1, Of last stanza, dele, "and."

23, — 13, after, "as I purpose not," read "says he," and dele "Conall." The next word, line 14, is to begin with a capital; "It," &c.

67, — At the end of line 2, in the marginal note, read "usage."

73, — In the last line of the note is mentioned, "this is the moral of the story." It must be added, that there is another moral to be collected, which is the danger of yielding to precipitate passion; against the dire effects of which nor worth, nor valour, of the highest description, can afford protection.

77, — It should be observed that this line,

Thógsam gač gñeje le cpann.

is to be met in Irish Poetry, and is claimed by the *Albanian Scots* also. The meaning is truly,

"We raised the *sun-beam* to the staff."

This is descriptive of Finn Mac Cumhail's standard.

Page 127, line 8, After "three," read "chiefs."

Ib. — 18, The line should be,
"Three for their deeds of fame admir'd—ador'd."

80 — First line of the Poetry at the bottom should begin with, "Ah!"

Page 161,

Page 161 — 3, For "this" read "their."

173 — 12, For "the," read "thy,"

175 — 14, For "brightful," which is not language, read "frightful."

Ib. — 15, dele, s.

177 — 5, After "of," read "my."

179 — 11, For "antiquity," read "antiquary."

196 — In the note for "Meath," read "Mayo;" which is the scene of both the Poems ascribed to Oissin, in this compilation; and the lake and mountains bear the same appellations to this day.—"The lake of the three Straights," mentioned in "The Black-bird of Carna's Grove," is in the form of a triangle of half a square, cut off by the diameter or hypotenuse.

220, — 2, First word should be, "is."

Bayerische
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O'Flanagan, Theophilus

Deirdri or the lamentable fate of the Sons of Usnach, an ancient dramatic irish tale, one of the three tragic stories of Eirin with notes and observations: to which is annexed the old historic account of the facts on which the story is founded

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